

Theatre Australia

Nationwide Reviews including
film, ballet, opera, ~~theatre~~ books;
National Guide

Pinder's Last Laugh
Nowra on theatre
Opera Extra



COMPLETE
FESTIVAL
OF SYDNEY
SUPPLEMENT
INSIDE



Who's sharing who's
stocking this Christmas?

Nimrod Theatre
500 Elizabeth St
Surry Hills NSW 2010

NIMROD

Until Sunday
26 November
Nimrod Upstairs

A Visit With The Family

Greg Burbury
director Richard Wharrett
designer Larry Eastwood
Lisa Brown, Brandon Burke, Tom Farley, Gillian Jones, Margo Lee,
Miles Mower, Robert Munn, Peter Young

Until Sunday
19 November
Nimrod Downstairs

Rold Komfort Kaffee

devised by Robyn Archer
directed by Ken Hodler
design by Martin Sharp
Robyn Archer, John Gaden, Sharon Raschke, Jerry Waseley

From Saturday
25 November
Nimrod Downstairs

Gone With Hardy

David Allen
directed by Richard Wharrett
designed by Anthony Baboon
Terence Clarke, Drew Forsythe, Helen Saepe, Kerry Walker

From Saturday
2 December
Nimrod Upstairs

JUMPERS

Tom Stoppard
directed by Ken Hodler
designed by Larry Eastwood
John Gaden, Barry Lovett, Walter Pym, Geraldine Turner, George
Waseley

The national magazine of the performing arts

Theatre Australia



December 1978

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#COMMENT#

The Festival Season is well on its way. With the proliferation of some festivals, the twelve months from the 75 Adelaide Festival must be the busiest year for most events to date. The dramatic series of the Adelaide Festival were an opening around the continent in the mainstream companies showed their works in most cases. In fact, within a national circuit and one which really does, light fresh responses into the work done here. *Uran 23*, *Dead Class* and *Seven Sisters' Day* seem to have been the pick of a remarkable and varied crop that had been chosen with great skill.

This year Queensland also entered the festival ranks with its *Whisper Whispers*. For real of the Arts and the quantity and quality of theatre events, there seems to have been an exciting new departure. With an open air *Orpheus Seven Sisters* in temporary venue at Mandurah at La Bode and a mainstream production of *The Ancient Mariner* in St Johns. Cathedral is the first harvest, who knows what future years will bring.

Briefcase released Maccaria once again, but the interesting festival is less interpreted than most in the dramatic role of commercial activities.

Not to be outdone, Tasmania is joining the fray with an International Puppet Festival being held in Hobart during the first week of January '79. The reason that Hobart is having this major coming together of world wide puppets is the outstanding work that has been done by the Tasmanian Puppet Theatre over the last two years. They have been recognised by the Tasmanian Premier Mr Lunn, who has been quoted as saying that "the dedicated team of the TPT in helping to put Tasmania on the artistic map, as well as providing entertainment and valuable educational stimulus."

This dedication is now being borne out throughout Australia as the celebration according to the text of *Shower a Little Shower Show*, currently in Sydney. The theme of the Puppet Festival is "Puppets Move, Make, Movement and Sound" and asking puppets will be companies from China, Japan, Russia and the UK.

Perth will be starting an annual festival this year month headed by subsidiary celebrations — in February but in the mean time the month long Sydney Festival will be an again beginning with the traditional Open House New Year's Eve party. Last year an impressive one million four hundred thousand people attended events, and performances of the festival overall — with one hundred thousand of those among the various theatre fans available. For 1979 once again the festival of Sydney are preparing a variety of environments for the festival, ranging from open to paved and for all age groups.

Many of the Sydney Festival has established as when theatre has been planned for that time anyway, and simply brought it under their umbrella with industry and perhaps some donations towards the cost, but it has done little to attract interest in the field. In this addition, Festival is once again increasing its own stipend production of *Tremore* about an Clark Island,

with the best top one as an opera house, for the lack, and also opening *Seven's Madhouse* and an *Uran 23*. The Australian Opera's current season — *Alfred Arrogance and Fables* — will be opening under the banner and the Melbourne Theatre of Australia will be showing *The Mycenaean Puppets*. Many currently PACT will be presenting a children's day yourself programme, and the Theatre Royal is taking advantage of the Festival to launch its own company. Their first production will be *Don Quixote*. *The Dead Before Yesterday* for which Rachel Roberts is coming over to star.

But this year the Festival is also creating happenings on the theatre — so they always have with just for theatre — not just presenting what already exists in spite of the Hobart Festival Festival Sydney is putting on the Golden Lion Puppet Troupe who live in Australia but spend in the rare craft of Sicilian puppetry. Study a tradition of puppetry differs from most because of its three hundred year old tradition of folklore and the use of more high puppets some of which weigh twenty kilos. Instead of the strings used to most smaller puppets these ones are manipulated by one hand, and being hand carved and painted they are unique in Australia. Golden Lion will be presenting the original version of *Pinocchio* — in English — with thirty small marionettes.

Festival of Sydney Playwrights is the other venture the Festival is making possible in January which has given out of the Edinburgh's alternative theatre in the festival. A season of four new Australian plays will take place from 2nd to 7th January, plays that arrive too much later for the Edinburgh to stage in their main theatre, but which have come out of their Playwrights Forum and in a forum, tend to be presented in an audience. Although the playwright names will be unfamiliar the Festival's sponsorship has meant that their strong directors — Stanley Walsh, Tony Hayward, Fred Leman and Gary Duncan — will be directing experienced actors in the plays.

The first is written by Philip Morris, presently an ABC TV Drama Script Editor, whose *How Sleep the Brave* will not be his first play, script, but the first to be produced in Sydney. Likewise Ken Hale is also an experienced writer, his *Shadowbox* is his first stage play, about politics and corruption. The two remaining plays are a double bill of one-acters by Graham Price who has worked on TV and film but has no scenes for the stage since doing the odd travel and play in university in the distant past. This obviously valuable exercise could encourage an interesting new avenue in playwrighting in those who are mature and experienced in other media, and from which the theatre may have a lot to gain.

So everything is set to go from New Year's Eve and "Aussie also a baggy, free party" coming round a mix and a half hour concert on the Open House weekend. Apparently there is a growing interest about in the new format opening of the Festival so perhaps it will afford a chance to increasingly show to overseas audiences that the influence. Given acts are and to be taken seriously.

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Q & Q

Quarrelled Thomas DeCoursey: We did the first with what we hope will be a sequel hit, Frank Thring in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

We'll be jumping up into next year's slot with *Arts Council* and next year's will be *Chewbacoon* after it's played the Sydney Festival and the Festival and All That Jazz, probably directed by John Deane. I don't yet know what the third will be. *Death* has been such a success this year that we have pulled it back into touring into a short season in December in Brisbane. I believe in capitalising on success and 1979 has been an extremely good year for us especially *Big Fish*, *Cherry Orchard* and *Love*. This season there are two possible new seasons for next year, budget-permitting one is keeping on *Warner Street Church Hall* and doing 'poor theatre' productions in it, and the other is a revival theatre at the BAGO, which would mean giving young directors a chance of doing new local good plays before the main performance.

It looks like a good program for the QFC in '79 and added to that our TIF work will keep some primary and secondary concentrating on International Year of the Child, and Project Spearhead in more specialised areas, particularly handicapped children.

FESTIVAL DRAMA

PAULINE STEEL, Press & Publicity Officer

"The Festival of Perth has sponsored its drama programme for 1979 together with a major breakthrough in the field of corporate sponsorship of drama in Western Australia.

Leading English playwright, Tom Stoppard leads the list of distinguished dramatists coming to Perth from overseas and domestic. The Festival is associated with Clifford Hocking will bring to Australia the world famous Prospect Theatre Company from London, with stars Derek Jacobi and Timothy West. From Sydney the Marnett Theatre Company will present for the first time a new production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* directed by John Bell and starring Mel Gibson. Angela Pasch, Kerry Walker, Drew Forsythe and Peter Carroll while the National Theatre Company will present the Australian Premier of Stoppard's new play *Night and Day*.

The Perth Building Society is sponsoring the 1979 Festival's drama programme for the first time. This is a particularly important development in arts funding as huge increases in the cost of theatre productions in particular make it imperative that Arts organisations look for commercial and private patronage in addition to Government subsidy to fill the ever widening gap between production costs and box office revenue. It is to be hoped that other companies will follow the Perth Building Society and thus help maintain the growth of high quality drama in particular and the Arts in general in Australia."

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR REP

MICHAEL LANCHBERRY, Director, Canberra Rep.

"This is all a new departure for me and one that I welcome. I left *Soldiers With* in 1973 after fifteen years of making and directing around the world — a car accident stopped me singing — and went to direct the Tasmanian Opera Company for five years.

Now I'm going back to Australian drama. *Barco's* *Merrivale Towers* was the first Australian play I'd directed and it did excellent business. Directing drama as opposed to opera means you use very different thought processes, you create your own discipline and format. I'm looking forward to creating my own ensemble but first coming for a professional course of actors eventually. Next year we will be doing *Goldfish* (A. Mahoney Noyes's *Death* which will be directed by Patrick Gahan of the Victoria State Opera, and then Anne-Cathery Smith will be directing *Dead Fish* and *It's*. After that the *Services of Two Masters* is on the cards hopefully in a modern version.

I want to be very democratic and am going to post lengths to find new people. I'd want someone for *Goldfish*. I see Rep as very serious as to work, a fun thing going now for forty years and I want to stretch it, as well as myself, in new directions. At the moment rugby people are invading the theatre I give, with pity on the waiting list. Coming from a musical family and background I'm a little sceptical I couldn't sing on that, and *Greenwich*, and find that a month very well.

I'm only sure that what I am doing in Canberra is seen as valid and of interest here, but was ignored in Hobart."

NZ BROTHERS

PETER CARROLL

"I am here to tell you that I have returned from NZ after a terrific six week tour for Marnett (what else?) Ron Bar's *The Children Brothers*. All the major cities were hit: Auckland, Palmerston North, Whangarei, Christchurch, Dunedin, and the audience pro and pro-posed to enjoy themselves very much. I found petrol scarce, food the same, more cheaper, wages smaller, and I'm not saying anything about the wage. The whole place really is a most superb golf course covered with lamb chops and occasional earthquakes but which we had two hot days through one."

The NZ theatre scene grows apace with permanent companies in each centre proudly presented by the locals. Two productions that I saw *Jewellery* (Judd and State of Revolution) were both excellent. The presentation of Roger Hall's plays *Galate* *Flow* and *Midnight After* spread more exciting, immediate appeal and true comparison in content and approach with our own David Williamson."

P S POTSHOTS

TERRY VAUGHAN, Director, Canberra Theatre Centre

"The Australian premiere of *Florence* New Zealand Roger Hall's comedy about the Public Service, turned out to be most popular with Canberra's younger than we'd be middle-aged public servants. The Canberra Theatre Trust's production directed by John Taylor got for three and a half weeks in October at the Playhouse in full houses, and enthusiastic cheer and applause from the 30-50 year-olds comprising 80% of the audience.

After show comments from older public servants or about you from P & S groups of mature visitors were rather noticeably absent. Maybe some of the lines cut a bit too deep — "I've missed a blinder time when you still had power in public service" that's sorry for you. "The houses are not even worried about what the public might think they don't give a stuff about the staff." And the clincher — "my life's been just a waste of time".

However, *Florence's* standing up to the P & S is mostly in lighter vein — "Look Maam I can't talk now, it's tedious", "I'll ring you later" — and in Canberra obviously appeared to the general public. Which is clearly why Marnett Theatre subsequently received the rights, a position at local departments could be as popular as *Canberra's*."

SYDNEY'S LAST PUB THEATRE

BILL YOUNG, Producer, Kirribilli Pub Theatre.



L to R — Liam Cullen (Kerriky), Paul Cullen (White) *The Over the Rainbow Show* Kirribilli Pub Theatre 1979

"I decided to produce Kirribilli Pub Theatre after seeing and participating in similar ventures at the Crec Hotel and the White Horse Hotel. These two venues have since closed which leaves us to my knowledge as the only professional pub theatre in Sydney.

Our first production *The Over the Rainbow*

(Continued on page 53)



MY MISTAKE

I received a phone call from the Computerist office about last month's column in which I mentioned that Eason was available through Computerist and probably the fastest way to see in the house. Well, they are not the second best option in the house at all — they are the best.

ONSTAGE

Mr. Jayne Higgins, a lady whose name is usually associated with casting, has been spending the past few months looking for financial support for a theatrical company she is starting called On Stage. The concept of On Stage is to give opportunities to actors and actresses who are confronted with the problem of the chicken and the egg. Through this company potentially good actors and actresses can gain valuable experience on stage.



The fiery-tempered Betty Curran (*Maude* actress), holding a gun point the real villain Dr. Garfield Squinton (*Mac* Barry), who is a hard-boiled former *Sally* Lightfoot (*Seven Deadly Sins*) on *A*. Also from the *Maude* Hall's current *Twelfth* production: *Crusader* *My Dearest*.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Not so long ago the Music Hall in Sydney held an anniversary birthday. The show *Crusader* *My Dearest* starring Anne Scola (singer) and Bruce Berry was extremely good entertainment typical of the Music Hall. The production is the local standard and it is a great night out if ever you are in Sydney. These past production starts in February next year and it is something like the current show is a definitely worth seeing. By the way, keep an eye out for our Theatre Resources Review in the May issue of *TA*.

ANTIQUÉ MART

Deborah Brooks and Joe Labeovic have opened up a memorabilia market in the Antique Market at Sney Hill in Sydney. They sell specialises in movie posters and general theatrical memorabilia as well as art and so on. For

information that is a great place to browse for at the time of writing there was a possibility that the market may not get underway properly before Christmas. I hope it is well underway by now as that sort of stress could prove painful.

LICELIASES

Last month The Children's Repertory Society advertised their new production — *Goodnight* in the last minute they were unable to put the play on. Why? I don't know except that there was a problem with the rights clearance. This is a shame because *Children's Rep* is a very hard working bunch and deserving greater respect than they are getting. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* starts this month so go along to see it if you can.



Anne Phelan

CABARET

Last month Cabaret started at the actors company and unfortunately Anne Phelan (*Intense*) doesn't remind me of Sally Bowles in the slightest but don't let that stop you from seeing the show. Miss Phelan, an ex-Godley House is a good performer and has an interesting voice and way way everything the Actors Company does is worth seeing.

FISHING FOR STARDOM

Greg Barrett of *Screen*, *Bo*, *Home* and *Hardy* Kruger star in the South Australian Film Corporation's latest film — *Blue Fur*. This film is one of the best Australian films I have ever seen. It is a story like a wide range of animals but mostly it is a boy's adventure film. I have heard that Greg Barrett has a three part contract with the SABC, and in my knowledge if this is not for the only actor in the country with such a contract.

AN EXPENSIVE BALL

In the October issue of *TA* there was an advertisement for The Performing Arts Ball held by The Daughters Association in the Performing Arts. The ball was to be held at the Parramatta Town Hall, a was twenty dollars per head and it was fairly dress. The ball was cancelled because of lack of interest but in my opinion a was not lack of interest but lack of money that prevented people wanting to go. Twenty bucks is a lot of money for a night out in the Parramatta Town Hall where the Black and White Ball at the Westswood Hotel was only sixteen.



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Dear Sir

I refer to Patricia Radwin's article with *Kenneth Frankham* in your October issue. I am a member of the Designers' Association in the Performing Arts and so wish to support his views regarding the aspect of overseas designers. DAPA now numbers seventy members from film, theatre and television. Forty six are theatre designers and eight are NIDA students, three of whom are about to graduate.

DAPA has no objection to a designer of brilliant talent entering the country — this would always prove a stimulus. But we have protested strongly to management and shall continue to protest if a subsidised company brings in a designer whose work we consider would be equalled or surpassed by one of our members.

Unfortunately, there are limited opportunities for designers to be resident with a company, thereby receiving a regular weekly wage and the remainder funds to secure remuneration from those who may appear to be doing well when their pay follows jobs. There is no guarantee of continuity of work. Surely, therefore, we have a right to expect Australian actors to be considered before an overseas one. Other countries are now tightening their laws against importing foreign designers in order to give employment to their own people. Is it about time Australia did the same?

Yours sincerely,

**Alain Carpenter
Executive Director, DAPA**

Dear Sir

Kenneth Frankham started in your last issue that we are turning out design graduates from NIDA at the designers' expense and they are not being used.

If this is awarded as a province of producers and management who ignore Australians in favour of imported British or European designers then I am most sympathetic. If it is intended to suggest that NIDA is wasting the taxpayers' money by training people who cannot find employment, a major warning.

There have been five graduates in Design since 1974: Peter Cook, Fiona Roffy and Stephen Goss are currently designing productions for the Queensland Theatre Company. Steve Nolan, Mark Wager and Les Forde are with the Melbourne Theatre Company.

Philip Schoeman has established his own Melbourne company. Christopher Webster has been similarly engaged in film and television and Lucinda Hatfield is with the A.C.T.

Bill Prebster and Michael Cooper have branched with a number of theatre companies in Sydney and Melbourne. Anthony Bobrov designs for the Q Theatre.

Jane Hopley has gone to England to undertake further studies in design and Simon O'Arcy is an assistant designer for the British National Theatre. Finally a bursary in the London School Scholarship for Australian designers.

Before the Design Course was established several graduates of the Production Course have become professional designers. Kim Calverley designs for the Melbourne Theatre Company. Robert Dorn has designed for the Young Vic Company in London and Lindsay McQuinn is also working in London.

The NIDA Design Course does not pretend to graduate finished artists. It is primarily concerned with training and making competent to work in the design departments of professional theatre companies in film and television who will hopefully progress to greater responsibility as they gain experience. This is exactly what most of them have done.

Yours sincerely

**JOHN R CLARK
Director**

Dear Sir

John Clark cannot pretend that I attended no sessions of NIDA — a national school of design is unquestionably required. If there is any question of taxpayer's money being wasted the fact lies not with NIDA, which is fulfilling its function, but with any subsidised theatre management which favours overseas designers at the expense of competent resident artists.

That NIDA graduates of the last few years are satisfactorily employed is reassuring, but does not lessen the fact that any increase in import designers will decrease their future prospects. NIDA graduates make up only part of the total design force in the country. For an overseas designer take one of the five resident positions here and an Australian could lose a career and a living. For every imported design in Australia is equal work.

The hard fact is that at the time of crisis a design career is enough to expropriate particularly in a relatively young years, for a few limited designers to gain the number of credits necessary to command enough fees in a year to be commensurate with the average annual wage. The young Australian designers on the full range is in double jeopardy — he/she is not only competing with overseas theatre companies, but also with the possibility that a future commission could be lost to an import designer.

The first case is part of the seasonal rise and ebb of theatre and usually resolved by the individual's talent quota, but the second is a discouraging situation for those young craftsmen who would ordinarily hope one day to accept — as John Clark says, "greater responsibility".

As country after country closes its gates to the overseas designer, Australia is apparently still open to any foreign designer invited in by a well heeled company.

Management give various persuasive reasons for imports — based mostly on the argument that import designers prefer to work with their own designers. Understandable perhaps, but if a company were to seriously expect it worth to use an Australian designer I am sure it could find just as many reasons not to import. Several resident designers, myself included, have already worked successfully with overseas directors and choreographers. The country which produced London, Stratford, Moliere and Traviata, can surely hold enough creditworthiness to employ its own.

The objection to imports is not based on their quality — some times the reverse is true, but on the increasing quantity. If there were a reciprocal agreement or a quota system the situation would appear less menacing. A sensible arrangement made now would enable Australian designers to engage the work of their most talented overseasmen as well as a percentage of top international design and thus avoid increased conflict and the inevitable cry for a total ban on imports.

Yours sincerely

**William Bradburn
Playwright, Victoria**

Dear Sir

Much as I regret having to cut credits on a few dramatic verse the outcome of the performance on 22 July 1936 of *Till The Day I Die* by the Peter Theatre as you first issue would appear doubtful some what from the recollections of my persons who were on the stage of the Serco, that evening. Unfortunately, they have not kept diaries, neither, however, they have written their memories down for me. My father, Jack Maclean's view is follows.

I played the role of Ernie in *Till The Day I Die* on the night of 22nd July 1936 at the Serco Theatre when the police were present. I also played the part of Ernie for over 20 times after that performance at the Peter Theatre at 16 Pitt Street on Sunday evenings. He moved audiences as the play was toured.

The police did not crash into the Serco Theatre but remained in the back of the hall taking notes.

There was no exit barrier from the policy and although the police wagon was parked outside the theatre the play went on without a hitch and no arrests were made.

My mother Pat Tucker adds the following:

I was in *Waiting for Lefty* at the Serco, in July 1936 and remember the police standing along the back wall taking notes. It was a good

(Continued on page 104)

Alexander Hay on acting

Recorded by Joan Ambrose

"There is a quality about the theatre that I like, which many actors find depressing, the ephemeral quality, the idea that there is a performance on a given evening and that an actor utterly commits himself: then it is gone, and then there must be another performance with an equal amount of commitment on the next evening — that excites me. I like being in a play, building a character, living with it for a long time, and then when the final curtain comes on the last night, there is some sense of regret, but then there is change. The set must come down, but a new set will be built, and then there will be a complete change, an entire change, a difference in style, an entirely even, a difference in temperament with a new part. All that fascinates me.

"And there are many other aspects. The work. The actors' concept. It is a very complicated thing, for I believe the business of the actor is to hold up a mirror. No. For that would imply realism — the theatre is not realism. The business of an actor is to believe, to eliminate humanity to humanity, and if a play does not attempt that in some way it really doesn't interest me.

"But I didn't always regard theatre so seriously. In fact I became an actor more or less by chance. I wanted to leave school. The career master had a list of possible occupations that began with Able seaman and ended with Zoologist. None appealed but I thought I'd try Actor.

"The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art offered a scholarship.

"On the appointed day I went to London for the interview. I was ushered into the main chamber of an imposing building and discovered that the adjudicating panel consisted of various dignitaries including Lord and Viscount, a small scowling dog, and an addition George Bernard Shaw, sharply quizzical, looking at me with intense blue eyes under his shaggy eyebrows.

"The sadistic part was to be from Shakespeare, I thought. No, no. I decided that 'To be or not to be' was infinitely inappropriate for this occasion and had chosen 'Oh what a rage and present shame am I' and with what confidence I had, I was about to launch off on 'Oh what a rage!' when a knock was heard to the door. And from there on, apart from taking a look at me to proceed, they took no notice of me at all, and the dog continued to chase rabbits in his dream.

"I left the sadistic thinking well, I wonder what's on the career master's list under B.

"No one was ever embarrassed than I when a letter came a fortnight later to say

that I had been awarded the scholarship.

"Students do not learn a lot at RADA at that period, in the sense of formal lessons. These days some of those lessons would be regarded as somewhat quaint. Lessons on the correct way to pour tea for instance, but my name created an atmosphere of theatre that one absorbed, and of course, London theatre at the time, was magic. Students, for a few pence could sit in the gods. I think I went to the theatre every night of the week.

"Then I joined a company as an assistant stage manager and eventually understudied. There was marvellous talent to observe and work with. And my seriousness of purpose grew. For I believe that the essential importance of an actor depends on his own spiritual development. Acting I believe is not completely a matter of talent. You can see an extremely talented actor perform but unless he or she has a depth in call upon, this performance will not be memorable and haunting. Some performances I have seen have sustained me all my life. I believe that so be, in essence is greater than to do. This is not a play to watch. Unless you are, you cannot do. Unless there is a light burning within him, an actor is less than he should be.

"Nath Dringer is the performer who had this inner quality, in my opinion, to a greater degree than any other performer I have seen in my life time. She was the great experience of my acting life. Although she had been in London many times, for some reason I had never been to her performance. I suppose I considered, who is this actress? Well finally I did see her. She came on stage, a middle aged lady in a chocolate coloured, velvet gown, with corrugated iron grey hair. Not a beautiful lady. But without question without any change of costume or covering her hair she became a young girl from Cecil Laith's *The Immigrant on Ellis Island*, and there followed a performance of total magic. Complete entrancing magic.

"And yet by saying that an actor must have an essential inner quality I am not denying technique. Certainly not. In fact I hear someone saying that I am a technical actor, my reply is — excellent! But of course that person may have a different connotation of the word technique in mind to the connotation that I have. To me technique is everything. Technique is the way you learn found to reveal your conception to your audience. That of course, if all that an audience is aware of is a technical process going on, then I can only say that that particular technique is very bad. But to deny technique is to deny skill and I was not subscribe to that.

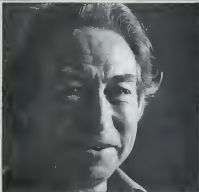
"And yet I always want an audience to be aware that they are in the theatre, in the



Alex Hay in *The Minute*

room that they are present and aware in dramatic action that is not life, it is more heightened, magical, and again I use the word, illuminating that anything in real life can offer. And I want to create a performance that provides a response from the audience that involves both the intellect and the imagination. I am a cerebral actor. I am at my best when I feel there are many kinds of porting.

"In recent years it is Gielgud who has excited me most and who has brought me closest to what I believe theatre is all about. It is to do with fantasy. A bunch of real flowers on the stage, strikingly, beautifully looked after, but without flowers look real. Fantasy, in the theatre therefore contains death. Gielgud was completely concerned with this. Because his coming was his flowers, growth, the splendour of reality. But he was a criminal, utterly and completely degenerated, a nihilist and a betrayer of friends. But at all attractive, but this perverse and horribly despicable human being could find the beauty that he needed, in the most dreary circumstances of his life. And despite his depravities, his vices created characters from specific rooms in drops of blood from the nobleman's knee, a poet convalescent from stained darkness. His belief and beauty came from illusion, and the process of imagination. "To me, as theatre, in the fiction, in the illusion, in the lie, there can be found a profound reality and truth."



Joe MacColum. Photo: Publicity Photos

Joe MacColum looks back at his seven years with the Queensland Theatre Co.

"What was the director's role of working with the QTC as director for seven years?" asked *Theatre Australia*.

In the seven years I did thirty productions. Over those years the company of actors of course changed considerably, but always there was a core of six or eight actors who remained for several years and as they were changed only slowly, there was continuity of working with the same group over a series of productions.

Then, for me, was the most interesting and important aspect of the period — to work year after year, on several productions per year, with a largely constant group of actors.

It is generally accepted that the optimum conditions, under which actors can work is one which promotes security of employment, encouragement to continue exploring and acquiring new skills and techniques, the opportunity to risk the occasional mistake without damaging career prospects. These conditions are not often found; they imply long term contracts and large permanent companies.

Hard as it may be for the actor to find his optimum conditions, it is even harder for a director. Usually only by travelling and building his own company of actors as his own theatre can a director find the continuity he, more often than not, the administrative burden grows heavier and heavier and the time he director finds his spending there less as his desk than

on the rehearsal floor.

Instantly for me I know virtually nothing about administration and a balance sheet is a mystery I've never been able to solve, the fact that they always balance reassures me, for I have never once come to agreement with my bank as to how much money I have to my credit: the bank statement invariably shows I have less than my own reckoning. Although this meant I wasn't able to give much help to the Director of the QTC, Alan Edwards, in his figuring, it also meant I could devote more time to the work of the actors and my own work. I was given a virtually unique opportunity to plan work on my own trial over a long period as were many of my actors and we worked closely together on this devising more a right to the analysis of our combined efforts, seeking to find better methods of working together to get the best out of each other.

Only on my very early days as a director, before I came to Australia some eighteen years ago, did I place any faith on the "blooming" of plays. It is now many years since I've given an actor a movie or a gesture except in emergency. But in this recent experience I so learned how to trust and rely on actors to a degree which enables me now to see how much and for how long I really didn't trust actors. I thought I did but I didn't and consequently robbed them of their greatest asset, creative thinking. I am now bliss about a number of an audience on a critic

giving some stage "picture", or bit of business, in my production, but the actors and I know it was not solely my idea, it grew from our agreed belief that movement and gesture is as much part of the process of communication as speech is and just as I would not dream of telling an actor how to speak his lines, I would not state that a move should be so-and-so. Together we would have discussed what we believed to be the truth of a situation and moves and gestures as well as lines or silence were dictated by and arose out of the necessity of stating the truth as clearly as possible.

"Notes" at the end of a rehearsal, especially at the end of a run, are an accepted part of a director's role. I have always come to believe they are not only time wasting, but a wedge driven between actors and director, keeping them apart and dividing too sharply the roles of these two components of a theatrical production.

Once the "trust the actor" relationship had become not a prime place of lip-service, but an essential part of the day-to-day work, it became evident that actors should not be an end-of-the-day ritual, but should be given when their security arose, when they can be most useful, when alternatives may be tested, when the actor can explain his intentions and test them on the director-audience and adjust as necessary, when they can be either private or public as the occasion demands, when they can be a two-way process between actors and director rather than a teacher-pupil relationship as normal "notes" often tend to be.

Only less than two years separated my several years as tutor at NIDA from the commencement of my work with the QTC. During those 1963-1970 NIDA years a sort of young actors emerged who now form the main treasury of Australian mature actors, watching their continuing growth has been fascinating. Watching the development of the over actors with the QTC was a similar process and most satisfying of all was the coming together in several productions of people from both companies. I personally would like to see the QTC become a company which does, no longer just "promising talent" but mature actors capable of tremendous further development could look to as a place where, from time to time, they could work on several consecutive productions in an atmosphere of further exploration of their talents, of encouragement to widen yet more their potentials. The director, I have discovered, it is liable to fall into a formula of work as study as to the actor, when the temptation to choose what pieces will work as against the dangerous possibility of failure arising from the attempt to try new methods. Again as with the actor, the free lance director tends to play safe, further work may be jeopardized by an idea which doesn't succeed. It is for this reason I realize I have been very lucky in having these seven years; I would wish the same opportunity for others, especially young Australian, directors. Future free-lance directing appears very challenging after these rehearsal years — thank you QTC!

Telethon Appeal

Theatre Australia supports the Telethon. Please send any donations for Southern Major, Telethon Appeal, P.O. Box 9, Adelaide 5000.

The Telethon Appeal is sponsored annually in South Australia by RWS Channel 9, Radio 5DN and "The News" in aid of various charities. Charities are selected according to their particular needs and help is mainly given as a result of an appeal made by the charity with due consideration to obtain help from other sources.

Telethon is the only Charity Appeal conducted in South Australia which serves all charities and this gives all charities who are not regularly sponsored by Appeals through the various media, a chance to appeal to the generosity of the people of our State. Over the past 18 years, Telethon has raised well in excess of \$2,000,000 for very needy and worthwhile charities in South Australia. This amount does not include Government subsidies.

Fundraising includes the running of the Miss Telethon Quest, 5DN Telethon Quiz, Telethon letters, Fashion Parades, many private functions, Telethon Door Knock and our annual Channel 9 or 4 Appeal. On Saturday 16th December from 8.00am to midnight, the station will deal exclusively with raising money for Telethon with national and state personalities and artists giving their time to aid the Appeal. Radio 5DN provides nightly Channel 9 with radio coverage and the event has always been highly promoted through "The News".

Personalities usually invited for this year include Dame Clio, Ed Greville, Jimmy Hansen, Mark Holden, cast members of "The Young Doctors" and "The Sullivan" with the list growing daily.

This year, for the first time, Telethon will be extended to the Northern Territory. Our main beneficiary, Merle Bonn, has been providing medical care and training for indigenous children and people from the Northern Territory for 35 years but has never before appealed for funds there.

A Letter Drop in conjunction with the Appeal will take place throughout South Australia and the Northern Territory in early December. All employers requested to allow all employees to be included in a free lottery with a prize of \$1,000 from the Adelaide Permanent Building Society.

No effort has been spared in planning and promoting the 1978 Telethon Appeal and we hope that with the generosity of the general public, it will achieve a record result.

Ken's 4 Head God to Windsor in a recent Mike Morris directed all female Working for God.

There is no question that Joan has a wide following. I would support her command of both the theatre and the profession for her hard work and professional dedication. To cap it all, she both writes and presents regularly an ABC children's programme. As a result of the growth of which keep her out of the doghouse in their position issues.

Joan, learned the arts and bells of the theatre as part of a children's company in Rhyl, North Wales. Since entry to the profession for a young girl at those days depended on being witty and well read, she enthusiastically looked to becoming a literary, but took an offer for a summer company at Aberystwyth. There she did a play in stage management, but moving on to character parts. Sacked when a letter she wrote supporting a visiting critic's slandering of the company for doing North Country accents (which was not Joan's situation in writing it), she moved back to London. Still in the theatre mood you — but as an actor, rising to no common actor.

Marriage and migration to Perth followed. Joan told me that she and her husband picked Western Australia because they were impressed with its having a Ninety Mile Beach. They were back of big ideas.

Familial commitments kept her out of the theatre for some years in Perth, but eventually she appeared in *Beauty's Whore*. *We Are Married to the Playhouse*, Frank Baden Powell was her, and *Oldtime Movies* followed, then the persons which brought her general public notice, *Diamond Lil*. Joan returned to straight theatre in Tennessee Williams' *South Coast Highway* and has been seen regularly since both as a contract player with the Playhouse and freelance. Joan finds the present situation for actors in Perth — no contract players, all catch as catch can — "terrifying and stimulating".

So what if Joan is trapped to cross the Nullabor? We are used to waiting — or were used to because even such long drives must now be beyond ABC-TV — *Come Women and Marry* from Ron Graham and Joan Braun graced for an long the Western Stage. Well, if Joan is drawn away, at least we have something to thank the Ninety Mile Beach for. Until Charlie Court finds a way of getting it across, it is just quietly adding there.

Profile: Joan Sydney

Colin O'Brien

"Some men must love my body" remarks *Beverly* in *Love's Labour's Lost*. "And some, Joan," I cannot remember, say *Plato* but here in Perth we always seem to have a theatrical Joan on whom to dote. It used to be Joan Bruce before the fall as for the Playhouse of the East, a daughter for which we have just brought ourselves to forget her. Currently we have Joan Sydney.

Mrs Sydney readily admitted to me that she was not born in a trunk, but could lay claim to reasonable theatrical antecedents. Her maternal grandmother was wardrobe mistress for Edith Evans' *Joan* done in Liverpool, and remembers handing on a note from GBS himself: "Please ask Miss Evans not to wear quite so much lipstick." The young Noel Coward also crossed her bow. On her father's side were uncles who could boast being pub critics under. Perhaps all this explains the range of Joan's work: she has appeared in everything from *Alfie* to *Do!* has gone wild through a magnificent *Aggie* in *Peter*



Personalities line up for time of Telethon '77

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

performance, and the audience gave us a great ovation. During interval Victor Arnold told us from one of the cars that we went to be arrested and Jerry Wells wanted someone to go on and read the part of the Man who is voluntary only, so as the play — *Tell The Lies / Lie* — started again, and went on with the book and read the lines — with great success. Victor Arnold (Secretary of the W.A.C.) went out front during interval and told the audience that the police were trying to have the play stopped — but the audience shouted "Play on" which we did. There were no arrests and afterwards the play was put on at the 1, but many times to several audiences."

These accounts would appear to agree rather nicely with the *Wahroo "Worship House"* of 21 July, 1980 than with Maria Brand's article.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* simply says: "Police were present throughout the production and a short-handled woman took a transcript of the play's parts, with a view of avoiding further action."

"If the audience was," (replied to the training spectacle of the Sydney police charging through — then surely this would have made better copy. A reading of the end of scene two would also seem to indicate that the *Wahroo* meant "let's knock on a door" but not to "barricade" there in a "false lockdown" after the last line "Open the door! This is the *Sydney Police*."

My parents are alive and contraindicated to continue the stone on (disgrace) (ed) (217)

Yours faithfully,

ALANNA MCGHEE
Master Teacher in Drama
Phillip College — ACT

Dear Sir,

My intelligence is a creative one, as evidenced by the distinctive criticism directed at *Wahroo*. I'm not of Mr. Shroubridge and of his lighter comic demands to mainstream their intellectual propaganda.

Why should many of Australia's greatest artists be subjected to the massive lack of book knowledge and sensitivity on the part of the press?

Wahroo is a complex and complex language. This is understood by few critics because of their rigid and inflexible attitudes.

With reference to *Wahroo*, however, my intentions were not to present a belief that allowed the audience to become voyagers upon the sentimentality of the conscious state, but to induce within them an experience of schizophrenia and awareness.

Tearing on the edge of being without, changed self conscious and therefore, a schizophrenia's experience can be as total,

horrific and endless as the state of one who is an accepted party."

If one of Mr. Shroubridge's "total lack of education" critics, a 490 word review from *Consider* Brian Brown's account.

Yours sincerely,

Graham Watson
President Cinephilegraph

Dear Sir,

A propos of Margaret Wells post about the Theatre Centre of some months ago and Max Power's letter in reply I thought I would reach for information the list of associates put up by ourselves earlier in partnership or in solo ventures during 1977/78. These were supposed mainly later on from the Australia Council and I think a pretty good coverage of the performing arts including "Australian Music" (the last issue 1/8/80).

The list does not of course include the hundreds of things put on in both theatres by other management, too many to list but ranging from the Australian Opera and Australian Ballet through *East Side Story* to *Southern* projects such as *Manuel Manzano* and the one to Doctor Joe Love rock groups which such as Joe's (I think not to mention the ABC concerts and various cabarets like the Australian Institute of Political Science).

As both theatres were occupied for around 80% of the year and the average attendance was 70% less, running conventional I am still wondering what Margaret's "empty spaces" meant. And the wide range of the Theatre's productions plus all those from other management makes me wonder what she meant by "inspiration" "What kind of culture?"

Sincerely

Barry Vaughan
Director, Canberra Theatre Centre

CANBERRA THEATRE TRUST
ENTREPRENEURIAL ACTIVITIES
11/77 101 808-78

Opera	Performers
Amplified the Night Vision	2
Exotic	
Quintessential Ballet	4
Chorus (Song) Musical Dancers	2
Polish Music Ballet Dancers	2
Exotic	
With the Billy (Book/Legend/Tragic)	10
Synopsis of the Impressionist (A.P.)	10
Portrait Theatre / Unfinished Season	
Brutalism (Bruckner)	2
The Propaganda Project (Gibson)	4
The 4, Brown Brothers (Blair)	2
Big Toys (D. Toot)	4
Part and Part (Lundquist Season)	
Notre and Mabel (Ward)	2
The Ward (Mabel Galt)	2
Planned Cook it (Ward)	2

The Ward (Ward)	4
Ward's Commission on Business Arts	
Ward's	10
Children	
Richard Bruckner & His Shadow Puppets	10
Patrick's Hat Trick	10
Mr. Galt's (Lundquist) Tragic	2
Robin Hood (December 1977)	2
Robin Hood (March 1978)	2
Dan Woodward (Galt) Puppets Workshop	4
Children's	14
Dan Woodward (Red Puppets Workshop)	10
Charlie, the Green Dragon	10
Children	
Additional Symphony Orchestra	
with Lene, Puppets	1
15 Hay's (Children's) Choral Concert	1
St. John's College Chorus, Lundquist	1
Robert Woodward (Bruckner) Musical	1
Lundquist (Children's) (Lene) Tragic	1
McIntosh (Children's)	1
Musicals	
Wahroo (Raging)	9
Tamara's (Lundquist)	7
Never the Two	4
The 20 And All That (Lene)	13
Various	
Wahroo of 4 (Lene)	2
Old (Lundquist) Show	1
Memory Lane	1
Comedy	
Chris Langham's (Lene) Man Show	6
Film	
Love Letters from Terence Road	3
The Singer and the Dancer	3
Children's Film, Sydney (Lene)	3
Amoy & the Elephant	2
Exhibition	
Readings of the Book	11 days
National's (Lundquist)	28 days
Meetings	
Seasons on Festival	1

Dear Sir,

Ray Stanley's column "Weapons, Business and Facts" in the October issue, was misleading as its comments on *Wahroo* related to the problems of the Old Time Theatre Company.

For the record I enclose a copy of a statement made by *Wahroo's* Chairman, Mr. Lloyd D'Neen, concerning the issue "You are welcome to report (when full)".

May I convey this.

1. We have enormous appreciation for Max and have frequently acknowledged their contribution to the theatre and the Australian drama in general.

2. *Wahroo's* (Lundquist) is a superb success. The question of whether subsidies should be directed towards the production of personal work and what the policy of presenting such work in a heavily subsidised company is an appropriate response to the needs of the Australian theatre.

3. *Wahroo* like all subsidised theatres, needs to be on a basis. Indeed we would like to see Ray Stanley's more critical.

Sincerely,
Carroll Gossard
Executive Director

"Wahroo" was not understood as it was not allowed to reproduce the statement. Anyone wanting copies should contact People in Melbourne — B&D

Who will be the major figures in commercial theatre — or what will pass for commercial theatre — in the years ahead? With government hand-outs probably very depleted, only those possessing business acumen combined with dedication to the theatre presumably will be the survivors on the flurrying tide-lines of those merely out for a quick buck.

Michael Ebdely, of course will be right out front in the late '80s. Tony Evans prominently around and I suspect Paul Ben (if he has not been lured back to England) will be a significant name, then very likely John Dunderk and possibly Peter Williams (never having met him I cannot be more definite). I should not be surprised to see substantial contributions coming from two as yet untapped unknowns, Leonard Cooper and BCM's Ashley Gordon.

One thing I can be certain — barring mishaps John Pinder will be well in the front line of what will be a commercial theatre such as we cannot conceive of now.

Some fifteen years ago I suggested to Henry M. Miller, then reporting people like Roy Orbison and Louie Armstrong that eventually he would become involved in producing plays and musicals. "No way. Not interested in them", Henry M. curtly said, and dismissed the subject.

John Pinder does not regard his involvement in the commercial area as entirely impossible, he simply refuses to look more than a year ahead.

Pinder's career so far has all the hallmarks of a success story. New Zealand born, as a child his parents would take him to the theatre.

"I remember seeing *School Days*. I remember seeing a lot of the Williamson musicals, and being very intrigued by live performances as opposed to movies."

"I spent my formative years in Dunedin, a city which was very active theatrically. There were two professional dramatic companies, two major amateur ones, a semi-professional opera company and a very active university theatre company, plus touring productions. It was also known as the 'graveyard of touring productions'. You could also pick up cheap acts — they used to dump them in Dunedin. Dunedin Repertory Society had one of the best workshops ever seen, it was full of old ICM stuff that they'd dumped for next to nothing there."

"It was a very active town to grow up in from someone to merely. It was a good time. I saw as much or more — admittedly supported stuff — than I saw in the subsequent ten years in Australia, ranging from Greek classics through to *Widespread of Virginia Woolf*."

In Dunedin Pinder was training in a fine arts teacher. "Because of that I got roped in to do sets for Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pastorale*. It intrigued me and I did a reintegrated one for a teachers' college production, and from then on was asked to do several for the local amateur rep society, which I did."

One play Pinder designed for was *The Grassman*. Clark Gable, also working backstage. Teaching for a while he was involved in a few amateur things in the



JOHN PINDER

Raymond Stanley reports on the life, work and future of the man who has brought style and pizzazz to theatre restaurants.



various forms in which he was resident, then drifted into journalism, actually doing some theatre criticism. Moving to Australia, Pinder worked as a journalist for the ABC, first in Sydney and then Melbourne and became involved with rock musicians. After five years he left the ABC.

"I was fed up with the absurd notion that playwriting is an attribute that one should have as a journalist. I just thought that that was ridiculous. I couldn't [say that sort of] concept of journalism at all."

Before long he was in the '60s, early '70s. Pinder was producing rock concerts. They were usually at the Malthouse Ballroom "which had a good reputation for producing local business talent. We used to put on river dances and night acts in between rock bands."

The APC used to do the dances, and there were pagers and so on. Bands which started there and became well known included Manic Street Preachers and Daddy Cool. If you liked to do a family sort of Australian rock music, you'd find a lot of people floated through there."

"Ultimately I became more involved in the theatrical production of it than the musical possibilities, and we staged quite a number of quite bizarre events that were specially put together. Bands that were put together. We did almost comedy shows, and put on more sophisticated lighting and that sort of stuff. Eventually it was a dance hall, but we were spending twice as much as anybody else in the dance hall business on the production of the shows."

It was a full time job for Pinder. He would run between twelve and fifteen concerts a year, as well as doing things with radio stations and at the Myer Music Bowl.

"I staged the concert at which Billy Thorpe repeatedly had 200,000 people at the Myer Music Bowl. It was supposedly bigger than The Sex Pistols concert, which has the reputation of being the biggest ever concert there."

"That was the era when 'being' entertainers weren't acknowledged by the daily media. It's very different now."

Well, time has gone by and the '70s period is a very different period in the '80s. That sort of era wasn't documented by the daily press at all in terms of what was really going on. In fact, in musical and theatrical terms, it was really an active period in Melbourne."

After the rock concert period Pinder went to Europe for some time, and when he returned to Melbourne it was to work for a company which had plans to construct a complex which eventually, because of lack of finance, failed to materialise. Despite this Pinder learned a lot.

"The complex was to be in Bourke Street and was to include a cinema that would have been like the Longford, a cabaret room that would have been like The Last Laugh, a shopping arcade-market situation of the currently fashion style type, coffee shop, hangout places, plus a bar theatre. The people that were gathered together for that included the folk who now run Fobias, Tony Ginnane (producer of *Paradise*) and the

Famous (black, and people who subsequently became major figures in the current generation ABC).

When the complex scheme failed, Ponder was encountered with the idea of a theatre restaurant, he decided to open The Flying Trapeze in Franny with about \$1,000. It had been a Yugoslav cult, and the mat was about \$25 a week.

"I've always been a great believer that the creation of venues causes a flow on of quite considerable significance in terms of the talent that's attracted to a place. It doesn't happen to legitimate theatre, because that's just an empty space within which you do something. But I've always worked on the principle of creating something more than just a working place; that it has got to have its own audience. And that was true of the Melbourne Ballroom, people would go there without knowing what was on, and in marketing terms I think that's important. You create an audience which people want to be in, and to a certain extent they trust your judgement about what is on in terms of performance."

After two and a half years Ponder sold The Flying Trapeze, but made nothing out of the sale. It was sold for what the place was worth, plus a couple of thousand dollars.

"It's kept going and it's continued to develop new people, which I think is great. The Flying Trapeze is still the most important theatre restaurant in Australia. You can afford to fail there. They can take risks that we can't take, and none of the bigger places can take."

Ponder then went into partnership with Roger Evans for his current successful venture, The Last Laugh, a theatre restaurant seating around two hundred, which opened September 1976. Evans, with much of sound restaurant experience in London, ran his own in Sydney. He would visit The Flying Trapeze when in Melbourne, Ponder would run at Evans' restaurant when in Sydney.

"We form one complete person working together. We both have interests which complement each other. We make the decisions about what happens at The Last Laugh jointly and the emphasis tends to be that I am involved in the running of the entertainment, and he is running of the rest of it. But when it comes to giving yes or no to a show, Roger's as involved as I am."

"Lots of rumours go around that I'm going to do such and such as the future. My method of looking out whether I'm on the night track is to fly kilos with people all the time. I like using people as a sounding board — all sorts of people. I talk a lot, but I also listen a lot. And what people are thinking is the most important thing. So I tend to ask other people whose opinions I'm interested in, "What do you think of idea XYZ?" And that's how I come to a decision."

"The two of us will check out other people and then we'll make the final decision together about what show's going to go on. Roger's much better with money than I am. I'm totally irresponsible and he's totally responsible. We complement each other in terms of what we think we

do, and basically we start from that premise when we put a show together."

"I'd never put a show on here purely because I thought it would make money, much as the idea of making money has great appeal. Cliff Hocking is a guy that I admire a lot, and Cliff once said he promotes things that he wants to see, that he'd like to have the best seats for and largely we operate from that premise as well."

At the time of interviewing Ponder eight more productions had been staged at The Last Laugh. Seven of them had proved to be box office successes, one had closed in a hurry.

"We don't really have the resources to create shows from the ground up, so tend to pick up a show at a certain point, or part of it will be in existence. We haven't got resources to commission a writer really to write a show, then put it into production, workshop it and so on."

Back to *Beauvoir Street* was a typical example. It started originally as a three-person one-hour thing at the Black Theatre of the Peas Farmers at midnight, and we loved it and invited them to add to the production and they doubled the size of the cast and it was completely re-worked and then came here.

"The Circus (Water: There's A Circus In My Soup) was an example where we did have more involvement in putting it together, because that was pretty weird stuff and nobody had ever done anything like it before. We were involved in that in terms of its development. I'm quite proud of that. To me that was one of the most exciting things I've ever been connected with. It was the biggest risk we've had — love and half money — and could have lasted much longer."

"What's really starting about the outstanding shows we've had here, such as them could, in terms of places like Tikis and John's continue the same theme and have continued and become a serious theatre restaurant. *Back to Beauvoir Street* could have continued indefinitely, but it would have driven us all mad."

Ponder certainly did a service in providing the opportunity for Melbourne to see *Melbourne's Little Horner Show*. To many it appeared as a risky operation, presenting a show, however brilliant, in a theatre restaurant atmosphere. Now, having seen it in such a venue, it's difficult to imagine it anywhere else. Despite the ready availability of liquor one could not have heard that provincial pee drop during performances. It was a source of great regret to Ponder that, owing to other commitments, this season could not have been extended; most certainly it could have played indefinitely.

In the past The Last Laugh has provided opportunities for new acts to develop at late shows. This is going to occur again with the opening of another room, upstairs, seating mainly and staying mid-night shows where the entertainment will change every couple of weeks.

"Almost anybody will be able to perform there, comedy, cabaret acts. Many will know people who we couldn't fit up for a major reason, but who think the place is good fun, have said, "God, that'd be fantastic, I'd love to come and do five nights when I'm in town, at midnight, after a show or whatever." Then there'll be totally unknown people who've never worked before."

The bar will be a place for theatrical people to hang out late at night.

Despite what Ponder says and thinks himself at this period in time, one would be surprised if he remains content with just The Last Laugh. Ultimately one would expect him to extend to other fields. He shows no liking for other Australian cities though Melbourne he thinks is "the most exciting city in Australia to work in. I think in terms of performance it is the best city in Australia to be in, because it doesn't have the sort of 'arty farty' pretensions of Adelaide and the superficial flash pretensions of Sydney."

He is full of praise though for "the flexibility of the Adelaide Festival Centre, the quality of its staff and non-bureaucratic nature, it's run efficiently and effectively."

As far as importing attractions go, Ponder is only interested in "alternative Theatre" type attractions, not likely to catch the eye of a commercial management, but which he feels nevertheless should be seen here. That is why he brought direct from San Francisco his present show *LOTHAS (Three Blind and Three White Refused Under Monkeys)*.

Ponder really is far more interested in the export of Australian talent. "We have things happening here that should be shown in the rest of the world in that they are quite unique."

Ponder has strong feelings about subsidies, believing there should be restricted to experimental type theatre only. He cannot understand why a company like the MTC don't reduce its subsidies with the undoubted profits realisation of liquor bars in its theatres would bring. He believes such companies could follow the example of picture theatre people and be in merchandising effects with their products.

A man of the culture of John Ponder inevitably is destined to play an important role in Australia's theatre world of the future.



Louis Nowra at twenty-eight has already made an enormous impact in the theatre. His play **ALBERT NAMES EDWARD** was broadcast by the ABC in 1975; **INNER VOICES** first performed at Nimrod has since been produced all over the country; **VISIONS** was considerable acclaim under Rex Cranphorn's direction as part of the Park season. With **THE MISERY OF BEAUTY** (1976) he showed his great talent as a novelist. Here he discusses his own standpoint as an uncompromising loner among new writers.

Louis Nowra

There is no such thing as the history of Australian playwrighting. We have a past which contains the singular occasional achievements of a Louis Nowra or Patrick White, but Australian playwrighting as all genres. Most of the playwrights of any event are alone and writing, yet to reach white-haired middle age. This rigorous development of our playwrighting has happened in the past ten years and now, if I misquote some recent articles correctly, a tiny, heterogeneous group of playwrights, dubbed 'the new wave' of whom I am supposed to be one, is considered to have arrived. The journalistic term 'new wave' seems to have been coined, not in order to help understanding of the playwrights involved but to shove disparate writers into a neat category. As far as I'm concerned the term is as vague as to be darkness itself, and if under the cover of this darkness then I escape. Unlabeled to say the least, and writing plays which are not part of the mainstream, I can stand alone watching those around me with the luxury and brains detachment of a loner.

Although free of the tag of belonging to any new movement or group, I must, of course, acknowledge that in both content and purpose my work is a break from what has come before. This break has more to do with my personal disposition and ideas rather than a deliberate desire to be different. My democratic impulses and predilection for solitary activity has also led me to shun the mediocrity of group compromise. The upsurge in Australian playwrighting during the late 1960s and early 1970s, with its group oriented activities and attitudes, centred in Melbourne around La Mama and From the Heart, and with its conscious desire to connect itself with Australian society, although having my sympathy, ultimately meant very little to me because it was too obvious, too direct, lacking in ambivalence and what the great South American writer and film maker, Jose Curyren, called 'the resonance of the personal voice confronting reality'. More importantly, I realised that Australian playwrighting was heading itself, not only because of what it wished to express, but also because of supposed it, that is, through naturalism.

Apart from some notable exceptions, the most popular and successful Australian plays have been naturalistic, and, to be blunt, it's a style I abhor. Naturalism is a constrained and constricting approach to the world. A play written in the natural-

istic mode has no greater resonance than the sum total of its parts. No matter how funny or technically witty such a play may be, a comedian as audience, and conferred their 'reality'. Art should not confirm or duplicate a mass experience and reveal. Plays should pull the curtain back under the audience's feet and make them see the world differently so that they can perceive things more or question their own reality.

If naturalism raises any 'worthwhile' questions (and privacy to Ives Kincaid Ideas, Big Thuman and Important Causes to illustrate) they relate more to ephemeral social or political problems which never job the most important part of an audience — its psyche. It's noticeable that even a seasoned like the overrated Shogun realised that such a method cannot provide a tool for digging through the many layers of experience and be resorted to symbolism, changing it on his work (*Look from the Sea* for example, where we almost drove in it) to try and provide a greater resonance and depth than such attempts must work, as it's a bit like erecting permanent scaffolding on a stone exterior in order to make it appear beautiful.

Gradually, I've come to see that plays, not only those written in Australia, but anywhere, should develop a style that is not so deliberate and negative as the more 'anti-naturalism' implies, but something

positive along the same lines. It gradually occurs me that many Australian play writers are writing in a mode that moved and made just up long ago and which television has appropriated and exalted at its own expense. While such earnest plays have scenes filled with tedious explanation, rhetoric and 'happy' conversations, modern have developed a narrative technique that modern audiences have assimilated into three regular patterns of thought very quickly. A film's elegant narration, novel dialogue and chunky narrative explanation, results in pared down scenes and a continuous effect that can be naturally powerful and evocative. Modern movies (Wibben's) pieces, for example) has been able to strip more to its essential, and whereas with the romanticism scene was obvious and overtly stated with great resonance, modern movies explain the nature and, by juxtaposition and careful piling, can provide just as rich a resonance as the romance achieved, but without the droop.

My concern with creating a new form without going to avoid total garish naturalism, and which would be considered natural and unforced, has led me to study the mechanisms of thought and emotion, and, in turn, has led me to to projects outside my plays and fiction. A sort of 'game' and 'tropes' called *The Language of Imagination* will be published



Tony Sheldon and Robert Alexander in *Inner Voices*. Photo: Mark Jackson

WRITER'S VIEW: LOUIS NOWRA

idea, and sometime after that a book of essential economic thinking incorporating, for instance, Camillo's idea of the *Process* and Kurt Strober's *Visual Thinking* will be completed. These projects perhaps appear more grand than they really are, but such concepts have helped me develop and clarify my ideas as regards form and narrative structure.

Each scene in a play of mine is important unto itself and serves an emblematic function. The scenes are to be performed as if they were a series of humorous or serious facts, rather than revelations. The stage and scene should contain only what is necessary in order to help each piece sit firmly on the other, with the juxtaposition of scenes and their interplay essentially conveying the thematic concerns and resonance, a bit like watching strands being placed to form a rope. This approach must be done in a detached attitude to the audience that occasionally draws back from the play, like a camera moving from close up to medium shot, or if you wish to be more literary, like a reader stepping to underline a passage in a book. This does not mean I divide the audience to have a certain sympathy with what's happening on stage (remember I do not mean identification, which is a form of mental instability), but I think they should also judge a scene with their intellect and be aware of the overall interplay of scene and character.

This approach has been called by me *uncompromising crime*, *bedhead*, and the Australian audience brought up on a diet of cosy familiarity with the middle class three-walled world of our theatre, then my approach does provide a slight chill, though I'd like to think it's the initial shock of being confronted with facts on a stage having left a stuffy room. With my play *Inner Voices* for example, when I found I may be creating too much sympathy, and therefore involvement, I used the simple but effective expedient of dark, humour and irony to undercut gratuitous emotion. It's an approach I've

also used in my novel *The Memory of Breasts* where, because of unusual and unfamiliar characters and situations, an ironic detachment (though I maintained it) should also be added within the content, too. Highly I praise the playwrights *Uranus* and *Congress* whose valuable lesson in creating a narrative distance I've tried to adapt to my own purposes.

Ideally I would like to create a constant dramatic tension, where the audience feels the last connection between sympathy and detachment, upon and lost, heart and head, dead pan, irony and commitment and emotional release and repression (an expressive tight rope walk as it were). I think this approach has occasionally worked in Edward Bond's plays. Brecht, whose idea I'm sometimes considered to be (by those who should know better) is a playwright whose literary (and) ideological and mechanistic technique is antithetical to me. His theatre is embedded for all to see in my Berlin's *Electric Blue* production. Any idea I do use (and any literary hacker would be well advised at this point to keep a watch on my tongue, just in case it pops into my cheek) is so the simple but wonderful advice of Nerval: Make the familiar appear strange and the marvel just appear commonplace.

One of the main problems to which I've alluded is shown in this Australian audience's loss to recognise and identify with what's on stage. The actors of the middle class, in habit, speech and behaviour hold someone alien from them even after six years of constant exposure. My play *Albert Renger-Pollard* was criticised because, although set in Australia, I had the characters speak English rather than 'Australian English'. My attitude in language is in keeping with my idea of detachment, just as in my use of analogy and metaphor. This interest in having Australian audiences detached led me to *Inner Voices* and *Voices* in even distance my audience through geography by setting my plays in other countries. The lack of Australian props was considered almost subversive by some people, as if a

lack of Australian scenery made my work 'un-Australian'. Interestingly such criticism reveals our parochialism. Only in Australia could one be accused of deserting one's country by not writing about it directly. Yet Kluge's purpose in writing his work in German, *Widerstand* and *Chloe* was understood and respected, as was Bond's in setting his plays in Japan and America and Wisniewski's in setting one of his in New Guinea and Australia. Perhaps such criticism is symptomatic of all young against Henry James' disappointment in being criticised for similar reasons personally caused him, and yet, who remains from those writers praised at the same time for not 'deserting' America?

Implied with my right to also an interest in the scope of plays, instead of a living room I want space and freedom to move. The current crop of monologues, no matter how good or bad they may be, have proved to be immensely popular. I realise such plays are a boon for theatres who are very fond of their chapters to produce, but I wonder if they're healthy for our theatre in the long run? For I see theatre (and in all that I've said, it has been a phantom haunting this article) as an emptying unless it can offer something more than materialism and plays of small scope.

Perhaps I'm hypercritical of Australian plays and theatre, but contrary to what some may think, I believe some of them, in some wayward and immature fashion, do convey vitality and vigor missing from serious theatre. It still amazes me that Australians applaud the success of our playwrights in a country like England and measure an against its theatre as if it were automatically better. How many of these cheering spectators have ever seen the theatre of our Mother Country? It's more akin to embolism than to anything expressive. A sign of its poisonous quality is its attitude to some of its best playwrights (Edward Bond for example) who are forced to lead respect and success in Europe. Even the new English playwrights (ie Caryl Phillips and others) are grossly overrated and yet from this mainland we import mediocre playwrights like Saeed Adani, perhaps has been like John O'Shea, and directors who have nothing behind but average production and empty callous.

With the financial difficulties of staging large scale plays, or even staging plays merely 'uncommercial', I wonder how long Australian playwrights offering new directions can be performed, especially when few of our playwrights are adventurous enough and the same old stuff is so lucrative. New directions must be recognised and encouraged by our playwrights, or else Australian playwright will soon be history, just history. This, in my opinion of our theatre I'm attempting (in my own peculiar fashion) to forward, by helping to open up our drama when it seems on the verge of suffocating in on itself, by offering one of the alternatives, not the alternative, and by presenting variations rather than adding to a single course. Every other country has taken such a wish to expand for granted, and as a natural out growing of things, only in Australia does it seem a luxury.



Rita Pajonovich as Julia Childs in *Voices* by Louis Nowra. Photo: Bruno/Press

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Alan Seymour RANDOM JOTTINGS ON LONDON THEATRE AND FILM

Mid-October: The mild, sunny autumn is turning cold and misty. The fog also descends on a mind trying to sort out the confusion of impressions of a theatre-goer. Film buff, movie lover, trying to keep up with all that's interesting — whilst running a pretty active professional career.

One night in the Festival Hall in late September it struck me, and for the first time, that the skills marshalled by theatre practitioners to project an artistic imperative look shockingly when compared with the skills and expressions on offer from the musical world. I was watching the Madder Jod Symphony which, for the uninitiated, uses a huge orchestra, a contralto and two choirs and takes an hour and three quarters to perform, by which time the performers, conductor and audience are wrong out. The work is a great philosophical exploration of a kind which, in the theatre, only the dancers are seen able to offer us, contemporary playwrights in the western world being too nervous to put their heads on the chopping block. Madder's music, some, groins deep into the dark recesses of our unconscious psyche, where myth and memory and unknown knowledge lies waiting for discovery. It speaks to us in a timeless, overwhelming, sometimes in the most intimate whisper, of birth, life, death and what, if anything, comes after. It takes us a long way out of ourselves then, as music does, returns us, bewildered, confused and above all, challenged. How rarely people of the theatre meet someone any of this to be their function. An evening's mid-thirties, a few comments on our music, a read-up of our political or social habits and even the most cherished of our playwrights feel that they have done enough.

In mid-October *The Stage* is complaining that no new plays have been produced in the West End since August, surely the longest dry spell in years. (This of course does not mean there are no plays, only that the old ones are still running.) The established theatres (the three audiences, at the National, the RSC's Aldwych and Westwood Theatres, and the Royal Court) of course have been producing new productions either of classical revivals or of new work, but the commercial theatre continues to look to the top shelves in age or contemporary dramas such as Hampstead Theatre Club or the Court for product which will transfer and, with any luck, run.

The Stage also makes the fair comment that if so often happens in generations by not new plays in half-submerged regional theatres before bringing them into London, the subsidy arrangements for the regions should be altered to make this less

arbitrary. Subsidy is originally meant to be for the benefit of the local community and London management may, then, be said ever so gently to be ripping off some of the good bargains of Nottingham, Liverpool or Macclesfield on the River. Difficult to agree, however, that regional audiences do not enjoy the merit of new plays especially if done with more accomplished performers than they might otherwise see. Perros have always talent-spotted regional audiences being given London plays with London stars. The audiences have voted with their feet pointing in the direction of the audience. This is not to ask for a wholly star-orientated metropolitan-based theatre. But it is interesting for some people to demand, as they do for the National, the Royal Ballet and Opera should get out of the Great West more often to give regional audiences the pleasure of their company, whilst enjoying theatres and managements when they do the equivalent.

Theatrical playactors, Robert Stephens has blossomed into one of our most lovable character actors. After a happy period in his career, the traditionally bad stretch between young lead and senior practitioner he now works in from an endless pool of finest folk, a succession of rich, warm, lovingly observed portraits (portraits on film? pardon my imagery) of some of the repertoire's finest characters. This I first noticed a year ago when Robert played superbly in my film for television adaptation of L. P. Hartley's novels *Damage* and *White* giving a very elegant and touching insight to the seemingly wispy eccentric Jasper Hambrick. Some months ago he gave a rich, expressive to the nervous, intimate character of Glend in the National's *Cherry Orchard* and by the end of the evening had the audience in that most extraordinary state of not knowing whether to laugh or to cry at this most unforgettably lovable man. Now he has won delight of course for his performance in Copestake's *The Double Dealer*, a new production at the National, less dry and brittle than has been the fashion for some decades more mellow and better overall. Thanks to the long-term approach of the director Peter Wood, the National at last seems to have hit consistent form. This week's announcement that Christopher Moltisanti and Bill Gaskill are to run two companies in the big open-space Olivier and Michael Redman (American co-director of Edinburgh's *Taqueria* and London's *Wapentuck*) is to take over the previously staged Lyttelton premises some new ensembles Peter Hall the boss, is going to commit himself with experimental work mainly in the small Cottesloe. And it is said that there will be more than (and

record) for touring, something the theatre needs to do, not alone, to partly means lifted from the British, not just the London, taxpayer.

Robin Raming did a brave thing, came to town and managed to convince, by dint of outwitting it in somebody's living room, his one-time Henry Lawson show *The Harland from the Bush* was signed national for the Macclesfield at Hammer Smith, one of our most rigorous contemporary theatres now. On the Sundays at Spar Robin roared and sang through the gently enraptured material and though his light heart may in times make some of the author's deep dry irony everything else in excellent character — and projected with more technical skills than most Australian actors working or trying to work here usually have to offer. Australians some times wrong headily famous technique as a kind of unnecessary artifice. Robin demonstrated that a wide vocal range coupled with physical subtleties can control and point the material by shaping a phrase, a whole passage, and one balanced against another, to draw the full depth and meaning of the work.

And at both ends of the world, the film business seems to be bad. Only one new Australian film in production. Gillian Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career* and here, despite attempts from the NFCC's Film Development Fund, few films of any significance are getting started. True, Rank have come back into feature film production with some aplomb about nine films under their banner having been started in the past year or so that it's still *Captains of the Week* time for the most part. Film men talk of following the "Australian experience". Fortunately they are aware that this may mean good films producing a rich and complex national image but will not automatically make millions at the box office.

One thing which has really taken off in recent years in London is the supper club with musical entertainment. Country Cousins at Chelsea, Madras at Camden Town, and various city establishments in Mayfair, surrounding in unglamorous old lodges like Mabel Mercer and the legendary Birdsong are hugely successful. A largely pay audience supports the lower camp of Country Cousins, a homely and pleasant place if one can stand the food and the microphones on the sound system from local radio cabs. And at the Palladium a more adventurous management offers the moosey Betty Miller or such contemporary hopefuls as Barry Manilow composer (sings) stage. At the Hammer Smith Oldies and Whimsy pop groups from BBC to Rick Wakeman's eccentric play to thousands of fans. Agents from Dylan to Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge may turn up somewhere or other. Today's yuppies' contemporary — well Punk arrives, develop or die, to become New-Wave commercial — may be received by a morbid interest in the case of St. Vincent and his married girl friend. We know that Punk has parents (and the really morbid term "New Wave") reflects the real violence beneath the surface of our would-be smooth bourgeois society and all that, but isn't that taking it a little too far?

all have commenced before the month end

All this being the case, why was it largely unconvincing? The show was quite all right as a warning raised, to set the audience up for the true drama of the second piece. But there is a basic flaw in the present day conception of *The Woman Who* which it fails to leave a contemporary audience unmoved.

Cordelia's voice here is crying out an unrequited love for a male lover, perhaps for Raymond Redgrip. Of course, it is marked homosexuality as it is played by a woman. The part has been interpreted by Ingrid Bergman, Anna May Wong and others. Yet, today, all that talk about monumental aspect, and heroic

quite worried out of place. Does the audience really believe that a woman would carry on like that? Perhaps, given the baroque context of the piece, with black gloves at the beginning, tangled wires that represent the woman's torso, and slightly offbeat — for today's world — details like a trailer named *Islands for Monsieur*.

But what is running on all this is the element of risk. The audience can feel itself immersed in the woman's journey and view it as a kind of romantic display. All the more so for Australia, where Courtenay's arguments over love and death in poetic flight are close to the mode of entertainment.

Please refer to the document as it mentioned

that it is Coetzee trying to compensate with a lie. Yet, in the piece there was a key reference which must surely come. This being presented commercially, a decision may well have been made to leave out the 'intrinsically' aspect. The piece might have come to life if people believed that Mr. Hiltmann was suffering in a female

A number of energy movements in the programme seemed to be lost. I felt that the materials, low-key direction may have been responsible for these not emerging. A few laughs would have provided a bit more punctuation. But perhaps it was the opening night audience that was as unresponsive as it was polite in the presence of a great address.



back in the western doorway. And the costumes were so beautiful, very much Robert Redford in *The Shawl*.

This is the crux of the problem. If this production is to set a pattern for theatre in Melbourne, then what we are going to get is a cultural orthodoxy, a smoothed-over map-to-market political and social message. Reynolds wanted to confront the audiences of Company in the 1970s with their own hypocrisy. I'd venture to say that the historic and philosophical heart of the MTC audience of the 1970s is not far from that earlier audience. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if some of the same people weren't in both audiences.

If one is to be honest then, one must attack the problems in the play as a way that is relevant to the social evils of today. The ideas of Wal Cherry and John Willitt are on the very right track here. So was George Whaley's production of *The Threepenny Opera* at NIDA. I am not saying that the action has to be transferred to Australia. But surely, a piece about the hypocrisy of Hitler wouldn't confront anybody now, not as the MTC has promised it.

There were some good effects in this production. A string of light bulbs glowed at every stage. The scene in which Elmerie, a Shakespearean actor, was wonderful. Sydney Crossman acted the has-been with a style that is at too familiar to us from orthodox Shakespeare production of the Melbourne Theatre Company and the former Old Gate.

I hope that this production won't set a precedent. Otherwise we will have a Brecht play, an elegant formality without impact, and a generation of theatre goers will be alienated from Brecht and keep their distance.

Finally, why does the MTC put the duration of each act in the program? First act 95 minutes, second act 40 minutes? If I had been Arthur Ur, I would have stood up at the end of Act One and cancelled the interval.

Some beautiful writing

LIGHT SHINING IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

by I. RICHARDS

Light Shining in Buckinghamshire by Caryl Churchill. The Australian Theatre Company (The Prime Factory Theatre, 100 Queen St, Brisbane, 1975). Director: Wilfred Leach. Cast: Michael Johnson, Peter Manning, James Shovel, John Lee, Ben Morgan, Bruce Morgan, Alan Edwards, Peter Morgan.

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playwright who has a nose in Bly cheer sounds in reason. Not to mention the Australian problem of a lot of the good stuff being already spoken for. (Two plays about Chindley for instance, two about Melba. Phat Lap Lim Derry, King D Mulvey, Morris, even Charles Horne. For that's what it is.) However, the search does go on, more & the pity perhaps.

Another advantage the English have in that their tradition is more important in the overall scheme of things. Compared to the English Civil War and the Puritan Debates, say, the Russian Revolution and Khrushchev pale a little but not significantly, but profoundly. We Australians have sentenced apathy in being the nation that has had a whole generation of playwrights and writers and Australian nation hold with the Tocqueville's dream that without history there can be no culture. I would say that part of our problem is that as a small country there are a smaller number of big imaginations. So the intellectual imagination, the theatrical imagination here has been left to a small and diminishing number of writers, who have the nation to be surrounded by charlatans. From Louis Bacon to John Rogers large imaginations have been forced out of the theatre by small ones who know nothing, producers, book managers and funding bodies better.

The charlatans play unperformed on unperformable scripts using up the small sort of history left and leaving huge areas of the theatre unexplored. If there is content in all the unperformed scripts around, it is that in translating an unperformed production like way the writer sees it is his best head in the page simplicity and tough good dialogue go right up the window in favour of operatic effects like postures, fireworks and an absence of a point of view. Most of all they try to do too much.

So to *Light Shining in Buckinghamshire*. This is an enormously simple idea, and one that in the ATC production directed by Wilfred Leach has come out a bit better. The idea is to take twenty or so aspects of the life of Cromwellian England and present them in the form of monologues, dialogues, sermons, recruiting speeches and little scraps of theses, bare stage and let the ideas of the Levellers, Diggers and the Common Man and Woman, speak for themselves. Written in the style of 17th century English, the language has the sound of poetry and importance as indeed does the subject matter. Cap D (Democracy) is a very modern idea doctrine even now. The failure of any society to listen to their prophets and group in as a real commentary on the selfishness of human beings, a disillusionment expressed at the end of the play.

Performed in the Prime Factory's small Back Theatre the play makes use of a lot of close-up-theatre techniques in a simple and moderately effective way, that could have done with a bit more explanatory flair. Educational yes, moving no. Not some beautiful writing. And a play so obviously well worth doing, every playwright who can't get performed in Australia and wonders why, should read it.

Q

Fine funny stylish shows

HABEAS CORPUS MOTHERS AND FATHERS

VIEWING A LULLY

Viewing a Lully by Michael Ondaatje (Theatre Company, 100 Queen St, Brisbane, 1975). Director: Wilfred Leach. Cast: Michael Johnson, Peter Manning, James Shovel, John Lee, Ben Morgan, Bruce Morgan, Alan Edwards, Peter Morgan. *Mother's and Father's* by Michael Ondaatje (Theatre Company, 100 Queen St, Brisbane, 1975). Director: Wilfred Leach. Cast: Michael Johnson, Peter Manning, James Shovel, John Lee, Ben Morgan, Bruce Morgan, Alan Edwards, Peter Morgan.

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THE FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE HIGHLIGHTS SUPPLEMENT

The Third Sydney Jazz Festival At The Sydney Town Hall

Following the sensational success of the Jazz Festivals in the first two Festivals of Sydney, Horst Lippolt and the Festival are proud to announce the Third Sydney Jazz Festival.



Monday 15

JANUARY
8.00 p.m.

JAZZ QUARTET USA

Guest from New York
Featuring: Chino Freeman — Piano/Tenor
Sam Bass — Clarinet
Mike Mello — Piano
David Frisner — Bass Violin
Al Foster — Drums

Together with
"RICHARD DONALDSON'S STRAIGHT AHEAD"
"BRUCE CALL QUARTET"
with special guest CHARLIE HUNCO

Admission Prices: (includes booking fee)
\$7.50 \$5.50 \$3.50 Students & Pensioners \$5.50

Tuesday 16
JANUARY
8.00 p.m.

"THE GUITAR IN JAZZ"

Featuring the top guitar talent of
George Cobb
Dan Ashford
Peter Northman
Steve Murphy
John Costley

with
David Long — Piano
Ray Martin — Bass Violin
Barry Wood — Drums

Admission Prices: (includes booking fee)
\$6.50 \$5.50 \$4.50 Students & Pensioners \$4.50

Wednesday 17
JANUARY
8.00 p.m.

THE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ SESSION

with
Louise Brewster — Drums (Sydney)
John Hollman — Trumpet (Flagstaff USA)
Ruth Houslow — Cornet (Flagstaff Melbourne)
Mandy Stuart — Jazz Singer (Sydney)
Quart Tilders — Jazz Singer (Gronau Holland)
Sander — Tenor Sax (Amsterdam)
Tony Buchanan — Tenor Sax (Sydney)
Jimmy Skopett — Tenor Sax (Sydney)
Jack Grenady — Trombone (New Zealand)
Bobby McKee — Trombone (New Zealand)
Rian Trossman — Violin (Baltimore)
Tony Robinson — Piano (UK)
Dexter Voog — Bass Violin (Switzerland)

Admission Prices: (includes booking fee)
\$6.50 \$5.50 \$4.50 Students & Pensioners \$4.50

Thursday 18
JANUARY
8.00 p.m.

DAVID LIEBHART "MINE, ROCK, ALL STAIRS"

Guest from New York
"JELLY ROLL BAND"
Featuring U.S. Saxophone Star David Van Kordt
(ex. Stan Karpis Great Orchestra)
Together with

"DICK HUGHES' FAMOUS FIVE"

Admission Prices: (includes booking fee)
\$6.50 \$5.50 \$4.50 Students & Pensioners \$4.50

Friday 19
JANUARY
8.00 p.m.

JAZZ QUARTET USA*

Featuring: Chino Freeman — Piano/Tenor/Sax Bass
Clarinet
Mike Mello — Piano
David Frisner — Bass Violin
Al Foster — Drums

"JAZZ CO-OP"

Featuring: Roger Frimpton
Together with
"KEITH HOUNSLOW/TONY GOULD DUO"
Guest from Melbourne

Admission Prices: (includes booking fee)
\$7.50 \$5.50 \$3.50 Students & Pensioners \$5.50

AGL FESTIVAL OF

FOLK-LIFE CONCERTS

A SERIES OF 10 EXTRAORDINARY MUSIC CONCERTS FEATURING INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED LOCAL & OVERSEAS ARTISTS

FRIDAY JAN. 5 EWAN MAC COLL AND PEGGY SEEGER

Two of the world's greatest singer-songwriters. A concert of beautiful songs and hand-lute and bagpipes. Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

SATURDAY JAN. 6 BUSHWACKERS AND LARRIKINS

From Melbourne, Australia's premier bush band, The Bushwackers and from "Best 'N' Bush" The Larrikins. A full programme of Australian folk music to keep the heart happy for a week! Tickets \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

SUNDAY JAN. 7 MARGRET ROADKNIGHT IN CONCERT

With some special guests) singing her favourite songs — Sandy Newman, Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Peter Dinklage, Bruce Springsteen, Ian Smith, Malcom Ross and The Turtles. Tickets \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

MONDAY JAN. 8 IRISH HOOLEY

The best of Irish music in Australia. — Fiddlers, bagpipers, harpists, guitarists and singers. Tickets \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

TUESDAY JAN. 9 BLACK OUT!

A concert of Black Australians. From Brisbane comes the talents of Eric Collier and the Black Outlets, Jack O'Leary, Murray West, Wanda Morda. Tickets \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

WEDNESDAY JAN. 10 VIN GARbutt WITH ERIC BOGLE AND BERNARD BOLAN

Vin Garbutt from England is the only man capable of playing the 1811 Guitars on a tin whistle. A talented concertmaster supported by two of Australia's leading songwriters — Bernard Bolan (Blue Sky Ferry, Australia Square) and Eric Bogle (and The Band Played Wabster's Mandolin). Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

THURSDAY JAN. 11 LITTLE BROTHER MONTGOMERY AND DAVEY GRAHAM

Two outstanding country artists on the same programme. Davey Graham from England is renowned on the Fiddle of folk blues guitar — a musician's musician! And from Chicago, Little Brother Montgomery is recognised as a pioneer interpreter of jazz and blues piano and song. Downtown Magazine calls him "astounding". Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

FRIDAY JAN. 12 EWAN MAC COLL AND PEGGY SEEGER

A repeat of the previous night's concert. Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

SATURDAY JAN. 13 DAVEY GRAHAM AND LITTLE BROTHER MONTGOMERY

A second concert featuring these two musical giants. Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

SUNDAY JAN. 14 SUNGUMA

Music from Pacific New Guinea played and sung with drums, air bags, flutes and other traditional instruments. A unique opportunity to hear this exciting musical culture. Tickets \$7.50 \$9.50 \$15.50 includes booking fee

NOTE: all concerts start ten sharp and seating is by preferred booking. Book early!
Tickets are being distributed to keep the tickets at a reasonable price structure and offer you a choice of seating areas.
All seats at the theatre are paid!

REGENT THEATRE



A Festival of Sydney Production:

Sponsored by the Australian Gaslight Company

Co-ordinated by Warren Fahy

The 1979 Festival Dance Week at the SYDNEY TOWN HALL



Local and interstate dance companies present the latest in modern dance, contemporary ballet and folkloric/traditional in the five night long Festival of Dance in the Sydney Town Hall. Each evening, dance companies will perform a programme of different works — an ideal opportunity to catch up on what's happening in Australian dance and develop your interest in this most graceful art form.

Tuesday 9 January
7.30 p.m.

The One Dance Group
The Dance Company (N.S.W.)

Wednesday 10 January
7.30 p.m.

Baby Bodies
The Melbourne State Dance Theatre

Thursday 11 January
7.30 p.m.

Dance Concern
Kokobak (From Victoria)

Friday 12 January
7.30 p.m.

Contemporary Dance Theatre (From
Queensland)

Saturday 13 January
7.30 p.m.

Dance Exchange (From Victoria)
The Dance Company (N.S.W.)

Book early for this exciting week of contemporary dance.

Admission prices: Adults: \$4.50 (for each performance), Children, Students & Pensioners: \$2.50 (includes Booking Fee).



'THE MYSTERIOUS POTAMUS'

(By The Marionette Theatre of Australia)



"The Mysterious Potamus" is an amusing tale for children set in the jungle land of Bwabambo.

It follows the story of a long and sometimes dangerous search made by young Leo the Lion for a real true friend.

The little lion and his companion Harry the Hippo, meet all sorts of animals and get involved in all kinds of situations on their mission to find a friend for Leo.

The show is full of the adventures they have in the jungle.

Written by	V. Lifschitz and I. Kabanova
Director	Richard Brodshaw
Design	Norman Hetherington
Puppet Maker	Ross Hill
Music	Judy Bailey
Puppeteers	Michael Crofton, Ross Hill, Irene Add, Linda Raymond

Richard Brodshaw, Norman Hetherington and Ross Hill were all in Moscow in 1976 to see the original production by the State Central Puppet Theatre for the International Festival of Puppetry and the Marionette Theatre's production will be like the original Moscow version which was so acclaimed.

"The Mysterious Potamus" will play a three week season in the Drama Theatre of the Sydney Opera House during the Festival of Sydney.

Opening Performances: Tuesday, 9th January at 11.00 a.m. & 2.00 p.m. with a special evening performance at 8.00 p.m.

Then daily at 11.00 a.m. & 2.00 p.m. Each Saturday at 2.00 p.m. concluding on Saturday, 27th January.

Admission Prices: Adults \$4.00, Children, Pensioners/Students \$2.50.

SYDNEY TOWN HALL



Variety Programme

2nd January (Tuesday) at 8.00 p.m.
 "Salute to Sydney" featuring Tammy Tynon's Festival Orchestra and Making Society members.

This will be the closing opening night for the month long programme of music and dance at the Sydney Town Hall, sponsored by Celles.

Admission Adults \$4.00 \$3.50 \$4.50, Children \$4.50 (including booking fee)

3rd January (Wednesday) at 8.00 p.m.
 The Wick Murphy Trio (local jazz band direct from San Francisco. This band was first established in 1960 and it's prime objective has always been the playing of genuine traditional jazz.

On the bill supporting Tick Murphy will be Sydney's own leading jazz band, the Dick Hughes Quintet Five.

Admission Adults \$1.00, Children \$0.50

4th January (Thursday) at 8.00 p.m.
 An evening of organ and flute — a rare concert, presenting a programme including the works of Debussy, Purcell, Beethoven, Liszt and others. The very organist and members of the Gordon Wright ensemble will work together to produce an outstanding evening of organ, flute and trumpet.

Admission \$2.50

5th January (Friday) at 8.00 p.m.

"The Mike McEldon Show" featuring Irish comedian Geraldine Doyle and the New Zealand songman Bob Hudson.

Mike McEldon, well known singer/songwriter/producer, an evening of music, comedy and song. Mike's brilliant guitar playing will be a highlight of the late act, as the lighter side Geraldine Doyle will entertain with her very own brand of humour. Bob Hudson will present his own extensive works of art and humour in song.

Admission Adults \$3.50 \$4.50 \$3.50, Children \$2.50

6th January (Saturday) at 8.00 p.m.

"Music of the Moment" featuring the extraordinary music of David Talley and FALSE START and accompanying the extraordinary 50 MINES FROM EARTH. This will be a special presentation of exciting modern music-making by the leading exponents of a whole new movement in Australian music using an exciting range of electronic instruments.

Admission \$2.50



"Treasure Island"

Back on Clark Island again Twice daily throughout January

If you missed out on the sell-out seasons of the National Theatre's production of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novel of adventure, book now for your trip across the mighty seas of Sydney Harbour to Clark Island where you will meet Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Blind Pugh and dozens of other colourful characters in this greatest of adventure stories for children of all ages.

"Long John Silver" will be played by Hugh Kings-Burns, "Squire Treloar" by Terence Clark, "Jim Hawkins" by John Byrne and "Ben Gunn" & "Blind Pugh" will both be played by Ralph Cartmel.

Performances twice daily at 10.25 a.m. and 1.40 p.m. from the Fanny Carr side of the Opera House near the "Main a) War" steps.

Admission Prices which include return ferry trip and booking fee will be \$5.40 for Adults and \$2.90 for Children and Preschoolers.

YO HO HO AND A STREET'S ICE CREAM!



FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY PLAYWRIGHTS

THE ENSEMBLE THEATRE

(in association with the Festival of Sydney)

proudly presents a unique quartet of new plays by Australian writers. Each play will be presented for a week only at the Stables Theatre, 10 Nimrod Street, Kings Cross, Sydney.



Stanley Welch

2-7 January, 8:00 p.m.

Dear Sharp For Shave by Philip Mack
An intriguing play of personalities set on a young art Australian workshop.
Directed by Stanley Welch



Fred Simon

10-21 January, 8:00 p.m.

Swearing Partners and Natural, Vegetable & Mineral by Dennis Noon
A poignant study of a lonely devoted man and a hilarious comedy about a television dominated family. Both plays directed by Fred Simon.



Tony Ingersoll

26-31 January, 8:00 p.m.

Signatures by Peter Haycraft
A drama of conflict between a young man and his political father whose life is accused of corruption.
Directed by Tony Ingersoll

Gary Bowler

22-29 January, 8:00 p.m.

Shrouded by Derek Mortimer
A drama of conflicts both personal and political when workers occupy a factory.
Directed by Gary Bowler



Admission price to each play: \$4.50. A subscription ticket to each of the four plays will cost \$17.00 — a saving of \$6.00 on single ticket purchases.



World-famous, chart-breaking group from the U.S.A., often called "the cultural phenomenon of the decade", CHICAGO's eight-man group will set the Sydney Sportsground alive on January 20th at 8:00 p.m.
Admission: \$12.50 (Reserved) \$10.50 (Unreserved)

Members of the group are: Peter Cetera (bass), Danny Bensus (guitar), Louie de Olivera (percussion), Robert Linn (keyboards), Lee Loughnane (trumpet), James Pankow (trombone), Walter Perschke (woodwinds), Cenny Seraphine (drums).

Presented for the Festival of Sydney by A.G.C. Paradine Entertainments.

The Australian Opera



Performances during the Festival of Sydney with the Elizabethan Sydney Orchestra

Opera Theatre 7.30 p.m.
January 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 20, 27 and 30
"ALBERT HERRING"

Conductor William Reed

Director John Cox

Designer Roger Hobbs

Featuring Elizabeth Farnell, Heather Hogg, Stevena Ruse, Emma Rumbold, Jennifer Birmingham, Cleomee Ewer, John Pringle, Ned Warren-Smith, Robert Card, John Corran, Melinda Shawson and Louise Nagle-Pitt

Admission Prices Jan 10 — £3.50 \$21.50 \$19.00 \$9.00 Other Evenings £21.50 \$38.50 \$32.50 \$17.00 Matinee Jan 20 \$18.00 \$12.50 \$9.00 \$5.00 Students & pensioners half price

STOP PRESS... The performance of ALBERT HERRING on January 12 is being offered as a special farewell performance at halftime boxoffice prices.



Ever so Albert

CONCERT HALL 7.30 p.m.

January 12, 16, 18, 20, 22, 27, and 31
"FIDELIO"

By Ludwig van Beethoven

Conductor Carlo Feller Caluso

Director David Berthaux

Designer Alan Ross

Featuring Marilyn Richardson, Gloria Foster, Donald Smith, Anne Aronson, John Stone, Donald Stewart, Robert Adams

Jan 12 \$26.50 \$21.50 \$17.00 \$9.00 Other Evenings \$21.50 \$16.50 \$12.00 \$7.00 Matinee Jan 20 \$18.00 \$13.50 \$9.00 \$3.00

Students & pensioners half price



Carlo Feller Caluso — Conductor

STARS OF THE BOLSHOI OPERA



These distinguished Bolshoi Opera artists will perform excerpts from magnificent Russian Operas in some staged concert performances. The operas will include Boris Godunov, Eugene Onegin, Russian and Ludmila, Sadko, Francesca da Rimini, Prince Igor, The Song of the Sea, The Tsar's Bride, Mlada, War & Peace, Ivan Susanin, Khovanshchina, and Idemna.

Admission: \$15.50 \$12.50 \$10.50 \$5.50, Students & pensioners \$8.00 \$6.50 \$5.50 \$3.00

Gleb Minin
— Tenor

Pavel Mironov
— Conductor

Alexander Kirovskiy
— Bass

Lev Kuznetsov
— Tenor

Boris Monozov
— Bass

Solikhov Makhov
— Bass

Nina Terenteva
— Mezzo-Soprano



Galina Anisimova
— Soprano



Rings Terenteva
— Soprano



The Sydney Symphony Orchestra

Two special Family Pops Concerts are organised for the final week of the Sydney Town Hall programme: 20th January and 24th January at 7.00 p.m. The programme for both evenings will be conducted by Patrick Thomas

Admission: Family ticket for two persons and two children (19 years and under) \$16.50 including booking fee and \$7.70 for each additional child in the family. Adults \$6.70 and Children \$7.70 (including booking fee).



ST PHILIP'S MUSIC FOUNDATION

The St Philip's Music Foundation was formed in 1975 and consists of a chamber orchestra and two choirs which give numerous concerts in the beautiful St Philip's church and in other historic buildings. The Foundation encourages talented musicians to perform important music which might otherwise be neglected and, when possible, to combine the performances with historical, architectural or literary interests.

The Festival of Sydney is proud to announce the following programme of concerts:

Chamber music recitals at the newly restored St Philip's Church

January 14th (Sunday) at 7:00 pm — "Ayes Baroque", instrumental and vocal music from 17th and 18th centuries.

January 21st (Sunday) at 7:00 pm — Music by Mozart, Carl Nielsen, Arnold, Michael Haydn, directed by David Potts

January 28th (Sunday) at 7:00 pm — Music for flute, harp and viola

January 29th (Monday) at 8:30 pm — Music for brass and organ featuring the Gordon Webb Brass Ensemble and Peter Gray (organ)

Admission: \$2.50

2 Festival Concerts



January 27th (Saturday) and 28th (Monday) at 7:30 pm — Choral and an Orchestral Concert by the St Philip's Singers with the St Philip's Chamber Orchestra conducted by Michael Dyer and programme includes Mass "In Tempore Belli" for choral soloists and orchestra by Joseph Haydn and orchestral works by Hummel, Samuel Wesley and JS Bach

Admission: Adults \$5.50
Children \$3.50

Sydney Town Hall Concerts

23rd January (Tuesday) at 8:00 pm — St Philip's Chamber Orchestra conducted by Michael Dyer with soloists: Ronald Dowd (tenor), Elizabeth Powell (soprano), Gordon Webb (trumpet). Programme includes "On Wenlock Edge" (Vaughan Williams), "Islands IV" (Peter Sculthorpe), and Piano Concerto No. 1 (Shostakovich)

These two concerts will be preceded by a Recital in the Foyer at 6:30 pm presenting music by 19th century Australian composers

Admission for the whole evening: Adults \$5.50 Children \$2.50 (All prices include booking fee)

THE LONDON EARLY MUSIC GROUP

Directed by James Tylor

Presented by the Festival of Sydney by arrangement with the Festival of Perth



Two unforgettable concerts for lovers of music of the Elizabethan era

**St Mary's Cathedral
January 28th & 29th — 8:00 pm.**

The Festival gratefully acknowledges the generous co-operation of His Excellence Sir James Cardinal Freeman for making the Cathedral available for these two historic performances.

The group is as versatile as anyone has any right to expect of an assembly of four players and a singer: they can recreate a spirit of virens, a range of early wind bands and endless changes of continuo ensemble. Mr Tylor and his friends have worked very hard on questions of authenticity and performance practice.

The Times, London, 1977

Because of restricted night hours in the Cathedral, a total of 2,000 tickets only will be sold for each of these performances — so book early

Admission prices:

\$7.50 \$6.50 \$5.50

Students & pensioners: \$6.50



L to R: Alan Lomax — Alto and tenor voices (flute, lute, and bass recorder), Paul Elliott — Tenor (singing), Oliver Brooks — Bass viol, Standing extreme right: David Watkins — Harp, James Tylor — Lute, lute and (singing)

"Bed Before Yesterday"

"The without doubt" is the funniest play any of us are likely to see - not just this year, but in this decade

Barry Miller PLAYS & PLAYERS

Ben Travers has surprised and delighted the British Theatre scene in his 60th year by coming up with what many regard as his funniest play — *Bed Before Yesterday*. An indecent romantic comedy set in the 30s giving us accurate picture of middle 40 years ago and lampooning them with an enlightened modern insight

Lindsay Anderson directs a cast headed by Rachel Roberts. The play is designed by the famous English American designer Allen Tapp and is presented for The Festival of Sydney by the MLC Theatre Royal Company by arrangement with B. M. Tinsman Ltd

Performances: From 11th January, Monday through Saturday at 8.15 p.m. with a 2.00 p.m. matinee on Wednesdays and Saturdays

Admission: Adults \$10.00 Children & Pensioners \$5.50 (Matrons only)



"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

Live on Stage!



This ever popular stage adaptation of The Grimm Brother's Magical Fantasy suitable for children and adults alike, will be presented by Radio Organisation and the Regent Theatre during the 1979 Festival of Sydney

Performances: Commence Tuesday, 2nd January 1979 daily at 10.15 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. and each Saturday at 1.00 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. until Saturday, 27th January 1979

Admission: Adults \$4.75 Floor Seats & Dress Circle

\$4.00 Back Seats & Dress Circle

Children & Pensioners \$2.50 Floor Seats & Dress Circle

\$2.00 Back Seats & Dress Circle

(Includes Booking Fee)

"Sleeping Beauty"

This musical and magical dancing performance featuring "Dance Tunes" and "Fairy Tails" of the Cherry Ripe Dancers, will be presented at the St James Playhouse as part of the 1979 Festival of Sydney

Children will be able to participate on stage at performances twice daily Monday - Friday at 10.30 a.m. & 2.15 p.m. and each Saturday at 2.15 p.m. from 6th January - 27th January

Admission: Adults \$3.00 Children \$2.00

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The Festival of Sydney is proud to present a special programme by the Ensemble at the isolated PIR Street United Church, 284 Pir Street, Sydney

The programme will include "The Barber's Story" (Major Gould 1976) and "The Soldier's Tale" (Jean Strakosky 1978)

Performances: Wednesday 10th January and Friday 12th January at 8.00 p.m.

Admission: Adults \$4.50 Children & Pensioners \$2.50



Barry N Miller's

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Festival of Sydney information by telephone (after December 30) 949 8111 (Tourist Information Service)



Gained in interest and direction

A HATFUL OF SYKES THE HOSTAGE

COLIN FORDEN

When as a stimping I studied played under the iron fist of Brother Murphy we learnt about an instrument called the macroscopic gauge, capable of measuring atomic dimensions and thicknesses. Such a device would be essential for calculating the macroscopically thin plating of *A Hatful of Sykes*. But then plot is not where it's at, the play being a thinly disguised excuse for Sykes to strut his stuff naked and adorned by straight (rotated) person Hattie Jacques and Derek Gayton, in the roles they fill in the TV series. Ex Miss Australia Ann Sydney makes a couple of eye-and teeth appearances, and that's about it.

In *Big Red Meats* with Annan Edwards a whole flock Sykes demonstrated his considerable command of nouns and neologisms, skills not evident on the small screen, and just to be was the best thing an actor can do of course does he warrant the prize of adoration here. The recognition of conventional theatre in Perth — and theatre set up from here, not the big end of you'll excuse the expression of shame brought out for *The Bird* — is to be welcomed by all but the culturally sublimated. It does appeal to people who might otherwise steer us to the theatre, and who knows they may move on to Higher Things.

A different kind of exercise in apparent chaplinesque at the Playhouse, Brendan Behan's *The Montage*. It would appear that every fifty years or so the English theatre deserves, and gets, a kick in the same middle-class pants delivered by an Irish boy. In the latter it was Behan as it had been O'Casey before him.

The Montage is built like an Irish wake everyone knows what they're there for, but the dead they're going to let that interfere with the singing the dancing and the toasting. The play leads from the arc of the kitchen sink, but Behan seems to have misinterpreted the term to mean that you therefore throw in everything including the kitchen sink. It was first presented by Joan Littlewood's Standard and Basic Theatre workshop, arguably the most vital popular theatre movement in England since the war. Like all plays worked up from improvisation it probably had a coherence and unity related to the particular style and personality of the particular actors who first worked on it, but also as usual with such plays, it tends not to enjoy work in spots when consent had to cold greet and



The Montage

then revivified by others.

This, plus the problem of the audience getting themselves accustomed to the accents and then probably exclaiming some nonsense and lack of direction in the first act. But from then on it gained in interest and direction. The play is a hotch potch of song, dance and backchat, outrageous characterisation and moments of tender realism. The Guinness flowed like the Liffey, and I seriously wondered whether one or two of the actors would still be coherent by the third act, they were, just.

What plot there is concerns a young English National serviceman held hostage in a Dublin brothel, to be shot if a convicted IRA boy is hanged on Belfast.

This sort of theatre is Mike Murray's forte, well, one of his fortes. It would be almost a travesty of such Total Theatre to dwell on individual performances, but I especially liked the warmth of Wanda Davidson's portrayal of the young Irish dancer who finds a brief moment of love with the Tommy, in which part Alan Fletcher (and in the best performance I've seen from him yet) Remembering

Meat O'Brien's work in that other lifeless novel *The Knack*. I suppose we have to go as far from the Theatrical Scotland of the Year Award for shoring up shapeline plays than Sydney, Rosemary Barr, James Hewitt and Leslie Wright all gave of their best, with men and boys, and Richard Williams handled well the minor role of the only manning character in the play.

I still remember the impact of the first production of the play in Perth, directed by Frank Ruden-Powell on the more demolished McNew Hall. Full of life for all its shapeliness, of love for and frustration with both sentimentality, petty aggression and genuine anger over centuries of blind English aggression, it too left a lasting impression from the haunting final image. The Tommy, shot, starts to rise from the floor as a ghostly greenish light shining at first as a thin ethereal voice but building to hurricane backed by the whole company.

The bells of hell go ding-dang-ding.
For you but not for me,
O Death where is thy thing-a-lang-ding,
And grave thy victory . . .

Boxes remained only boxes

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

By PETER MANN

The Empire Builders by Ben Elton. Hayman Theatre, Sydney, 30 September. 71/72. 1979. Contemporary. Two. 100 minutes. 1000 copies. *Cast:* John Hargreaves (Ben Elton), Christopher Pennington, Douglas Macrae, Michael Macrae, Stephen Macrae, Anthony Roberts (Mike Moore), Max Baucus (Dr Roberts), Peter Cox.

A newspaper photograph caption, promoting the success of *The Empire Builders* at Hayman Theatre, quoted the director, Ben Watson, as believing in "confidentiality on the stage as an ahead play". This may have provided some insight on the performance on the opening night. From what I saw, I had concluded that the director had decided that in an ahead play everything must be done ahead of time. I query the relevance in this production, as it does not seem to me that "the hats on an ahead play" require anything more than "in the extent that there was no reason of one getting any understanding of the characters."

The actors had apparently been asked to interpret everything as grotesque, thereby departing irreversibly from the apparent intention of the playwright in the descriptive passage introducing the scene. Vase requests "a room with no special character, furnished in a conventional bourgeois manner." What we see was a bare room with packing cases in it. Coloured three boxes were painted with dice spots, which probably had some suggestion of coincidence, but in practice, the boxes were an extreme limitation on the action. Whereas, imaginatively wild, they could have allowed infinite variety of behaviour, these boxes remained only boxes, and proved a handicap to the actors.

I have started from this point, as it is in keeping with the whole performance. Good ideas were apparent, but they were of little account, ultimately as they were evenly irrelevant to the text. The dramatic presence of the Schwartz was similarly obscured in this production. Likewise, the sideboard which seemed so much to the audience was invisible in this room, although, as indicated in the stage directions, its weight and pomposity is part of the story. The Schwartz was quite visible, but he had less significance in the action. That the crowd members of the family lacked and maintained a wounded and unforgotten creature was neither surprising nor unreasonable. Nor was he out of place in this bare room where imagination provided the fittings. It was not his fault that the player was unimpaired, but an attitude seemed to have been established for him in the action, and it was difficult to register anything about him. This suggests that excellent work had been done on the content of the text, and was borne out in the failure of the rest of the cast to establish any sort of interesting characterisation.

It is hard to decide whether to entirely

blame Mr Watson for the darkness of the character efforts, as previous student cast presentations at Hayman Theatre have been worked 3 times, on important being covered from night by outrageous exaggeration. This might be acceptable in the situation of lower primary school children being allowed to "show off" but don't think to indicate that the theatre training community operating at WAIT, has any understanding of control or intelligent development. I applied log scale work from drama students in listening, but when, as in this case, the requisite reading of the text in order to do such things does not seem to have taken place, I must wonder whether drama students at WAIT have benefited in any way from this school-to-theatre period.

A reasonable 'contact high'

ROCK-OLA

By LINDA GROOM

Rock-ola by John Gaudiosi. National Theatre Workshop Company. The Room in the Wall (Theatre, Perth, WA), 1980. 1979. Drama and Comedy. Mike Moore. 100 minutes. 1000 copies. *Cast:* Mike Moore, Nigel Tugwell, Michelle Blumley, Anthony Roberts, Peter Cox, Carolle Robinson.

Rock-ola gives the impression of being one of those 4 am haunts but, in fact, was far more remembered and what's worse, written down and day 1 don't see myself that it says anything very relevant about its ostensible subject or properly creates that subject. Like 1980s culture modernism and the CAUTION — SS (perhaps Rock-ola's for our collective Post-Modernist panic) as a question of its form. And it does display a lamentable tendency to take the rock mythos on the valuation of some of its more outrageous promulgators and create or less faithfully reargue the standard clichés about musicians and rock angst. I can't see it in other words, being anything like the final word, or the final consensus of that boy and so far for its medium other than the three minute night bus/homely tossed subject, then seen in place which has tempted so many and been attained by none. THE ROCK VISION OF LIFE.

But Rock-ola, at the Room-in-the-Wall had its good points. Such as the occasional appearance in the script of some lines might into the significant distortions which follow from the transposition of American imagery into the consciousness of a New Australian Suburbia. Such as an occasionally acerbic underwriting, in the dialogue, of the overbearing merits of nostalgia which the subject (even to an extent the style) created to encourage in the audience. But best of all, such as the opportunity it gave first young actor singers from The National Theatre Workshop Company to really strut their stuff. I don't see any of these people before, although I'd been forewarned by some north of The Tropic of Capricorn who'd seen them touring in the North West Road Show about their considerable talent. Energy, intelligence, sensitivity and skill

marked each performance, and if I make special mention of Michelle Stanley (Angel Sugar) it's not because her performance was better than that of Carolle Robinson (Velvet), Mike Moore (Dr Roberts) or Robert Harris (Pagnazzo) but only that I'm a snob for the type of mythical "street-smart but sensitive" lady she was playing.

The show was by the way, beautifully cast, and Mike Moore's band was strongly evident not only in the tightness of the show but also in the substance of the design concept (horrible phrase that, but very so on the rock scene) borrowed from the joke-band dominating the stage in the 45 rpm singles served up as programmatic. The only really disappointing feature of the show was the band, which was I suppose, adequate for the purpose — but just.

Let me try to sum up the whole experience for you this way — I found that the energy levels of the performance achieved a reasonable 'contact high' but that my head stayed straight enough to respond the play, as a play, in terms of 30 WHAT. Tim Gaudiosi seemed to have gone to a lot of trouble to tell me less than I can learn from, say, Bruce Springsteen's *Meeting in The Street*.



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Opera Vasa — Peter Bence (Papageno) — Susan Donnell (Queen of the Night) — Christopher Wadell (Sarastro) — Ren Campbell (Three Boys) — Photo: Mike McHugh

DIE ZAUBERFLOTE

OPERA HOUSE MORGAN

Twenty minutes spent brooding on opera is a waste; but unlike the other day I continued no once again at its total inaccessibility as an art-form. Here or elsewhere people the world over remain unfettered by the difficulties, spending months of hard labour on scenery, costumes and rehearsal before the pursuit of opera's elusive magic. Of such was Perth's *Die Zauberflöte* production by Opera Vasa which commenced on Thursday October 19th and ran for a total of six nights.

Unfortunately, whatever the restrictions, financial and otherwise of a small theatre like the Otago, Mozart's fullest bloom of orchestral maturity from his life's final years was allowed for far more than the barest essentials of a one-piece orchestra.

This was costing beyond the beam; and as a result, the whole thing had a flat trajectory which grew steadily flatter as the evening progressed, and the lack of horn warmth, trumpet drum edged brilliance and the voids of trombone soundness made itself felt.

Inevitably the singers at no time stood in danger of being outshone; since their every note had a stark clarity emphasised by the somewhat underlining acoustic of the theatre which presents the facts without glossy halo.

Among the singers Norma Bruce as Pamina was most successful in capturing humanity, life and warmth into her part together with a sense of phrasing shaping which was lacking in John Paul's Pamina; though he brought a fair degree of personal presence to his part. Marie McKinnon sang the Queen of Night's two arias with a commendable accuracy of intonation but the lower part of the range failed to come through with any punch or phras-

ing once again the perpetual scarcity value of singers endowed by nature and art with the vocal equipment to command the huge (small) spectrum. Christopher Wadell's wonderful Papageno lent humour to the quieter atmosphere, as did John Hind's marvellous sense of fun as one of the three ladies.

Of the remaining characters, Neil Maxwell's Sarastro offered the right touch of dignity although somewhat short on vocal majesty, and Sue Donnell as Papageno, Papageno vocalised beautifully though a note shy of comedy in her part. Graham Wood led the male orchestra in an unflagging vigorous mannerism.

Ren Campbell (Three's) good all purpose, multi-task, wrong need something to the conventions of Japanese theatre, and the stage was managed with speedy efficiency.

John Hind's musical direction was scholarly rather than imaginative, depriving the music of the living elegance essential to Mozart's inspired phrases.

Lack of drama in the delineation of the forces of darkness and light as represented by the Queen of Night and Sarastro denied a personable conviction in these characterisations and without this the opera loses much of its poise. The libretto's own heavy constructional fault lies in its divided conflicts. The Queen of Night and Sarastro need to be dominating and supremely powerful both usually and usually in order to throw into relief the work's romantic and comic elements. If this does not happen a whole dimension is lost.

Clearly this was a very enjoyable and satisfying experience for the participants and one must commend the energy, enthusiasm and skill demonstrated by the directors in contributing to performances which merit even at the professional level.

Worth its salt

PATIENCE

PETER MANN

Reviews by Gilbert and Sullivan: The Glee Society of N.Y. The Philadelphia P.A. Chapter 24 August 1977. Director: John Williams Musical Director: Peter Barnaby Organist: Graham Warlock

Colleague: Margaret Lacey Musical Director: David Holmes, The Duke Rag Musical Director: David Holmes, Barry Pearce, Musical Director: Graham Warlock, Musical Director: Anne Holmes, Musical Director: Barry Johnson.

(Philadelphia)

Two months before *Patience* opened at the Opera Company in 1881, a comedy by Gilbert's fellow writer, F.C. Barnard, began a two-year run. This play, *The Colonel*, approached the Ambrose moment as cynically as Gilbert, but with the very conventional that society gave its blessing to the situation of the ambrosia lady giving up her interest in things artistic, to devote herself to her husband — to become a "good wife" to a man who was clearly sailing but a "wealthy successful".

The review of the opening of *Patience* at the same venue, praised Gilbert's command of making his situations convincing,

although every movement of his story defies logical explanation, and contradicts our expectations of romantic sequence. Performing G & S depends upon the skill with which these sudden shocks are presented requiring complete command of their technique by the performers so that they can ride these about-face situations with conviction. John Milner's depiction of *Patience* for the G & S Society of W.A. was unquestionably enjoyable, and he infused his cost with pleasing adventure, to his characters, without anyone stepping out of line.

Most successful at both comic delineation and clarity in speech and singing, was Reg Warlock, as the Duke. Perth has seen many very tall men on its stages, but none to handle his height to such effect as Mr Warlock. He wore his clothes well and maneuvered nimbly with the other players. As *Patience*, Terry Johnson contributed great singing skill and such personal attractiveness that she was always welcome on the stage. As she is a high calibre performer, I regretted that rather demanded such a crippling, vocal which made the occasional change of manner within a speech very difficult. The speech/pauses distracted from her appearance as they had a flattening effect.

In the second-life role, Barry Pearce, as the prince, Reginald Barnardine, was most effective, establishing many interesting facets of the character, and proving very popular with the audience. Such a performer is most welcome at the present time when few actors, it seems are prepared to change their own image to any way. With his skill, Mr Pearce could have been directed to delay some of his character details, as he rather fired all his guns at the onset and was left with no steam to go thereafter.

There was more work done by other players, keeping up the spirit of the style, but regrettably many lines did not reach us, as, especially in the songs, the last several words trailed off. It is a feature of English that essential material is always contained in the final syllable of a sentence, and we had to forgo the enjoyment of Gilbert's lyrics when we did not hear. Nevertheless, Graham Warlock had a pleasing voice and worked hard, David Holmes showed an admirable sense of timing and moved very well. The good work of Anne Holmes and Christopher Wadell was added by costumes which did not seem to contribute to their characterisation.

The G & S Society is worth its salt.

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Bill Beresford

Pamela Ruskin

Melbourne has been mastering and making for some years about its relationship with the Australian Opera, with a lot of 'poor relation' complaints as long as your arm — most of them parallel. Then the 'New Deal' was introduced that has swept away most of those complaints, so successfully that the new joint subscription union with the Victoria State Opera and including two Southland operas, is said out.

One of the complaints and one that caused a great deal of trouble was in which I, as a journalist should be that there was no one in Melbourne — or in the other cities either representing the Australian Opera except during the actual season. There was nobody to give me information, nobody to whom a complaint could be made and no contact with the company of any kind.

That problem has been solved triumphantly in the person of the very urbane, experienced and efficient Bill Beresford whose official title is that of Melbourne Administration of the Australian Opera but whose business extends to a moving commission around Canberra, Adelaide, Perth and, to a lesser extent, Tasmania. Bill left Australia twenty five years ago. As he says, "In those days, there was no real opera here and no subsidies. Now, particularly since the Sydney Opera House was built and there are opera houses being built in Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane, we have far better opera facilities than most other parts of the world — or we will have. After all, America with its 175 million people has nothing to compare with what we will have with 14 million and we'll have more opera houses per head of population than anywhere else in the world except for Germany."

In the UK Bill Beresford got a job with the Daily Express working in Glasgow, Manchester and London. "I had always been opera mad and went to it every night

when it was on in Glasgow. I had met the resident producer of Covent Garden when I was in Manchester and one day, what I can only describe as a voice from heaven, told me to go to Covent Garden and get a job. By a combination of sheer effrontery, poise and reasonable knowledge of the opera world I secured a job as public relations officer, and stayed with the Royal for thirteen years."

After so long a stretch Bill thought he was due for a change and set up his own PR firm and business for ten years working as an entrepreneur, agent and publicity officer. He brought dance companies to England from South Korea, from India and from Germany. He handled the publicity for Dame Margot Fonteyn for a film and managed what he thought was brilliant coup. He threw a huge party and borrowed a huge antique named Bruce from Harrods for the occasion, who

absolutely charmed the media, who photographed him in every conceivable way. Next morning every paper had a front page picture of Bruce but not one carried a photo of Dame Margot. Bill's face was redder than red. "One cost," he says sadly "be too clever!"

When precisely in the tall and stately Bill Beresford's role in the Australian Opera's Melbourne offshoot. Some people seem to use him as the head of the complaints department. "Certainly I'm here to be helpful to all opera lovers and to those who valid complaints but really some of the complaints I've heard are absurd. Some people have complained that their seats are one row behind the ones they had before on a couple of seats across the aisle. Certainly, with the current brochure there have been anomalies and the big mistake made was not to tell everyone even old subscribers, it was definitely to be first



Ian Murray, Valery Ramey, Glynis Fencer and Bill Beresford
Photo: Mike Humphrey

come first served. Now, we have experience at the pitfalls, we will correct the leads in the current brochure before the next season."

One of the questions I asked Bill was whether he could help people in Melbourne who want tickets for the Sydney Opera House which is a constant worry that I hear. He says "No! All I can do is advise people how to get them and the best way is through a package deal with the railways or the airways." I also ask him whether they used the same substation system in the U.K. Again the answer was "No! It wouldn't work. In summer, Coast Garden has a 50% tourist audience and 50% in winter and so you can't have the seats all taken. Here we have a very small tourist audience."

Now that he has returned home, what does the new Melbourne administrator of the Church of the Apostles Open? Well, obviously he's not going to say his thanks in any way. So he has put out a very broad political and diplomatic "I am prepared to meet the two critical but in fact, I am very impressed, I am Melbourne in Sydney and I can tell you that the church singing was far better than anything we had in Great Britain. Then I went to the Governor in Melbourne and then remember we met with Sutherland and I was transported. I'd never been to Salzburg or Vienna. I'd have said, "Of course, I would like to do this way here. Really was unexpected. And I want to Sydney to see the Governor and I can tell you that it was a far better production of a whole lot of work in London. I don't think Australia by and large, we have high the quality of the opera is, he has heard, that they are good."

This area, however, is of course, the expression of the ideas that control the discourse, is a very sophisticated man who regards himself as an environmentalist. He does show us no trace of his Sydney birth, even of his Melbourne upbringing. He has beautiful water, most most of the famous figures of the theatre world, he is a man who speaks of manhood which he feels off with all the art, and speaks of the Corps of the Corps, and though he has made something of a cult of the theatrical, these are not signs that he can deal with the ordinary, that should be because ultimately rather. He is also an excellent speaker and will, I imagine, when the word gets around, be much in demand on those occasions when functions for some or other of the arts are being organized. Heaven knows, we need an expression of ourselves on the stage, the screen, or in our body.

All kinds of developments to help spread the operative word around are being dreamed up on the pressure cooker of Bill's increased moral clout: one of them is to start a Young Friends of the Australian Opera for the under 25's - an excellent idea. He also wants to get the volunteers in Melbourne involved. Anyone who thinks they have something to contribute can reach him at his office in the old TMLA building at the corner of City Road, South Melbourne or ring him at 413-1191. If you signed him only as a community department, though, he's not public to tag, write, draw and post a match on.

Bayreuth Ring

William Shoubridge

In terms of the anti-inflationary take-home for last year's employment and compensation¹ because the price standard procedure has specific terms of reference on these issues, what was an open-market economy in 1974 is now in 1978 the signal from the performing Wagner standards in the area.

The notion of men of high status has always been to exploit. Wagner's response to his father was to go to school, to become a man of the "lower" gentry, to join the elite of the liberal professions of Europe. Wagner's poor upbringing was almost the only way into the radical, then-nascent atmosphere of psychology at a time that by 1903 even that was fading, and it need be too often seen that Wagner's style had been cast and moulded by this time, and for women freely on a different plane of social sex as modelled.

[illegible]

Parent	Children's	Therapist	Allegation
members of The Rev.			

With this *Play* manual of gloomy, howling episodes of fate, was a potential war machine: we have chains, war steel and breast plate, sword, maul, mace, such armor as we can believe; characters, gripping drama and Gods in fact, come. What *Chorus* in the drama finds Richard Pothos as designer and Peter Bonner came up with in the new production. *Play* production in 1976 had made it in polished battles made and made the *Prose* drama, in which to draw on Bonner's qualities (small reading of the story and of the drama) but wherever the stage action occurred, which was often. Many scenes were the police called in to control it.

Now in 1978, however, audiences are watching that metaphorical act once for the new *King* as a production of fully original thought and Chaplin's staging follows as low of logic, right through to the way that *The King* that though it had never claimed originality was not created in do-no-it was based on previous work, knowledge in *The King* the presence of something more than long than is pure originality, a mixture of mythological gods in Nordic legend is shown, the pastiche of (never the decreasing moment of good) the place of personal modernism within a new social world, it is an interesting, political production. From personal history on the stage is a huge new subject, like metaphorical, a support of French in the changing form of all the modern stories, a vision that reveals the secret

It is also possible that the observed differences in the response to the two types of stimuli are due to differences in the underlying neural mechanisms. For example, the response to the two types of stimuli may be mediated by different neural pathways, or the response to the two types of stimuli may be mediated by different neural mechanisms.



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

defined it as the history of the German (or Western European) people since Wagner's death to the present day. It is allegorical in the sense that parts of it are clearly labelled as representative (Wotan is the prime deity) as a book case. Scythed in the gable working class dressed in a flanneled boiler suit) but the whole production flows through so many facets of theatrical production. There is more, there is coherent grotesquerie: there is almost farcical random soup business Scythed's battle with the Dragoon; there is Expressionism in the fogging of the crowd and Impressionism in the mooring between Scythed and the Wanders. It sounds like a portable rag bag, but it is all there, distilled in the music and libretto.

The very opening is stiff enough to prove a lot of the vapours from some. Rather than a levy of female vapours as the bottom of the Rhine, we are presented with these females looking for all the world like the capricious girls out of Germany toasting alone on the stage of a huge hydro-

electric station. Although the evil dwarf needs a vital component of machinery and the stage is as busy there. Alberich's realm of Nibelheim is a black void lit only by a hand lamp swinging over the stage, bringing uneasy reminders of the searchlights of Auschwitz. The Valkyries' Rock looks like a burnt-out building in fire-bombed Dresden while the anatomy of the Gibbeting vessels in *Die Walküre* is a room of twisting ironworks, not all of which a cloudb of passants creep to take over the tools of a demolished Valhalla.

But what will anger people about this Ring is the violence they are calling it because the film *Packaged* of opera. It angers because there is a physical urgency about it: everyone who knows about their piece of machinery's power becomes possessed with a blood lust. Scythed for example in *Die Walküre* is not merely stabbed once by Hagen but repeatedly and his blood splatters all over the stage in great gobs. It would seem that the machinery like

atomic energy can be used to power the world but it can also become the agent of total annihilation.

Thomas has signed on all the very woody parts of *The Ring* into a huge tapestry of power means, good versus evil, personal freedom, history and conviction. There are many "contraband" parts in this Ring but there is a fuller and profounder comprehension of human behaviour, virtue in spite, analysing the characters and often simultaneously a seriously limited scope of time scale but ultimately a sense of huge forces and vast events portrayed as epic adventures, a world that ignores overblown and deepens awareness and one whose apparent forms are rugged with associations and parallels even in one whisper. For my part, who was getting ready to damn Wagner forever as a bore, it brings to life these images that surely must have been in the composer's mind as he toiled to bring them to life.



The Rheingold 2 (Mid 1977)

Dream — AO's crowing glory

Queensland — Two major productions

VSO — Entitled to a down

In a good many ways, the Australian Opera production of Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which ended the company's 1988 winter season at the Sydney Opera House was the crowning glory of a season that had previously produced more than its fair share of tragic triumphs.

Presumably it is only a few years' distance of published criticism at the latter columns of the daily press and the little dailies since subsequent rejections of go-fornutsism in their scores has brought the season's few winners from just about any point of view in to the open space to strip out of the new and the different light for them to show clearly and strongly through an undistorted dist of standard capricious bias. As a few groups they most surely be the most resistant to now capricious bias of any body of persons of the performing arts stage go have the trade and ballroomers.

In their defence of their season even, it must be admitted that mutual language evokes which were rapidly than verbal language. Hence, there is an almost inevitable tendency even among experienced opera goers to prefer to probe the depths of an old friend in a familiar vision rather than embark on the language of a friendship with a new class at the agency. There is no language barrier between GBS and David Williamson for instance but Wajima and Voda and Puccini — risk of which spoke (and a different musical language in the case of the 19th century — as words returned from London to Britain to Germany: all of whom are now undeniably "classical" opera composers.

All this anyway I suppose — in a pin to the Australian Opera's not to its undistorted notice of the season who strip out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Clearly the only way to rise the kind of reaction due to undistorted is a support supplemented by repeated exposure, and it is reasonable to note that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not scheduled for further performances anywhere in Australia during 1989. Given the heavy dosage of repeat, apparently forced on the AO's by economic conditions to give it a memorandum that this new production should not even be given an airing in Melbourne for close the few popular, outposts of Asia minor empire.

It is hard to know exactly where to put in analysing the particular success of the AO's *Dream*. Though it inevitably ends out a great deal of the original Shakespeare text including the whole of the play's first act, the liberty for the open presence all three sets of characters that it requires a large cast of talented personnel who by and large were on and off stage in places. Naturally of course, Britten's marvellous score clearly differentiates these

players. But Eliahu Madanov's superb production made everything crystal clear dramatically for those whose musical ear was not equipped to cope with the musical signals. His handling of the transitional passages was particularly deft, aided considerably by the thoroughly adaptable semi-chorus set of Timothy O'Brien and Tessa Ford which gave the appearance of changing in very sharp modern sense of the varied lighting superimposed on it by Roger Barron.

It was a combined matter of taste and production to fly O'Brien in on a lateral entry that has never touched the stage until Art III. Madanov made much more use of a real stage post container and wider platform in handling the curiously lower movement by Puck's inefficiency. They fell into a walked into a swinging leap over a splashed each other used a as reflecting glass, the cumulative effect of these small but perceptible gestures in Puck's "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" delivered from the upstage ramparts as he surveyed the mayhem below.

Puck himself was made into a Baroque Chamberlain, leaning on top hat and black cloth, the rule mechanism beautifully retained in the flat-top height and the individuality they are the hope choros usually placed at his front as possible when it had to sing, right on the break of the foreplay once overlapping the postulant the network scene would be faced in two advantage.



John Fuggle (Demetrius), Annie Ashton (Lyndee), Timothy O'Brien (Demetrius), Tessa Ford (Lyndee) in the AO's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
(Photo: Graham Conna)

Individual performance lovers were not forced to choose from among the remarkably even cast for this *Dream*, would have to the role between James Bowman's Oberon and Jonathan Hyde's Puck — both of whom were required by the nature of the production to be accurate as well as communicators of text. Bowman's song, which would have involved anyone suffering from vertigo did not draw him from achieving a considerable amount of physical movement in his characterisation — sometimes gripping the bar with both prehensile feet and crouched like a wild animal ready to spring on its prey, using only the old hand to steady himself. Packed to the music and wearing wood length and beyond that he was in usually a constant riot of the world in reality, yet of course his manly and subtle stage presence held any suggestion by not portraying a weak-kneed or effeminate character.

Some points may well have elapsed by the fact that an adult rather than an adolescent portrayed Puck if not it to accept Britain's acceptance as reflected on the LP recording, embodied by him and personality in the original stage production, a new perhaps a mistake. Others may object to the increased familiarity of Hyde's dissonance with the mismanagement of some of his stage movements. I found both aspects of the confusion of the role mildly surprising to start off with but thoroughly admired the performance as a perfectly legitimate reading of the role.

Individually there is a great deal less to be said about the others in the large and talented cast assembled for this *Dream*. Some of the characters are offered no real scope in social scope — Titania and Hippolyta, for instance or even Titania — and it would be unfair to accuse those who portrayed them in the production (Lyndee Davidson, Lesley Steele and Rhonda Beard) for not making most of them dramatically.

Even the slightly lower set by and large accented music differs the set from the rest sufficiently to enhance their comic potential and offering several more for dramatic individuality in the department, Janis Birmingham and Isabel Buchanan were superbly comic and vocally excellent. Her male counterparts, John Fuggle and Annie Ashton, were slightly less well ending.

The reason were a great deal in spite of the nature of this production is no doubt they are within the overall context of the work, easily Neil Warren Smith was a mischievous Demetrius/Petrus. Also light is a subtle difference (Queen/Producers) Paul Fern, a usually handsome Simon Wall, the man thoroughly involved in their proper entrance's guests and was thoroughly up on the context of the play when the opera.

Particular attention must be made, of course, of Gwyneth Evans' superb Puck/Thane, particularly the latter helped me and by the way not light up be danced for the play within the play, but just about taking the final

Bergonié, with a magnificently calm and composed basso solo of electrifyingly urgent but restrained effect. That was, overall, Laver's most original and effective dramatic portrayal I have seen — it was also the most pleasing vocal performance I have yet heard from him. Combined with his *Financière* in Scotland, *The Triumph of Honor* (which I saw at Brisbane early in August), it indicates a significant development in the level of Laver's artistry.

Finally, comment must be made of William Roff's conducting team. Roff has long since demonstrated a particular affinity with the works of Benjamin Britten through his excellent performances of *Albert Herring* in recent years, but he is undoubtedly that composer's best expert, heading off the *Dream*. His facility was the crucial coordinating agent that drew together all the disparate elements of this musically fragmented opera and resulted there was an overall unity of great theatrical effectiveness.

Pavoni's *Miramide* Society, which opened this year's major Sydney winter opera season on June 14 with *Lucia di Lammermoor* in the role, also started early in October with Joan Gordon making her debut in the part — and a very impressive debut it was. She made some glorious vocalists, and projected considerable dramatic impact even as far as the dress code where I was sitting, so much achievement in the launching of an opera festival.

The major seasonal opera season of the month was in Brisbane, where the Queensland Opera Company mounted overlapping productions of *Così fan tutte* and Rossini's *The Pearl Fishers*. All round the most successful was *The Pearl Fishers*, though the most outstanding individual performances were in the minor roles of *Fazio*.

John Wilson a new-faced production of *Pearl Fishers*, in excellent dramatic design by Graham Walker. Walker efficiently explored the opportunities to keep things moving, which must within this definitely slowest work the stage picture was variably exact, the sounds of the shore dwellers.

Sally Robertson was a fine John. Yvonne Kayson sang *Maida* nicely though her acting left a good deal to be desired in her role; it was a considerable improvement on the former *Maiden* *Ball* in *Caribou*. Paul Neal was a suitably nervous *Burke*.

The night I saw it, the *Fazio* was not as effective overall. It rather liked the use of projections, liberally supplemented with the orchestra's body to represent *Fazio's* voice of *Milapacine* in the opening scene and to portray her redemption and return to her role in the final act. Elizabeth Peck Cook's design was mostly adequate, but not up to the best we have seen from her.

John Thompson's direction worked effectively enough in the more romantic scenes, but left occasional blanks in the rapid scenes and failed to make plausible the church scene, with *Milapacine's* playing in and out more like a human yawn than a supernatural presence.



Jonathan Hyde as Fazio in the AD's *Dream*. Photo: Brian Clark

Phyllis Hill's *Milapacine* was most effective towards the end, particularly in the final two scenes, was thoroughly satisfying all round, but was distinctly under-powered early in the evening. Gino Savarone was quite a pleasing *Fazio*. John Brennan filled the part of *Milapacine's* father with plenty of good but perhaps a little too much good humor to be a convincing devil.

The outstanding individual performances came in Arthur Johnson's beautifully sung *Vallatore* and Margaret Kervella's warm, Saffron — the made most of this part's role than I have ever seen on stage before, playing her as a genuine adolescent, boy nearly aware of his potential misdeeds. Beverly Mason, charmingly anxious, Russell has the boyish physique to make one's mouth water as the prospect of seeing her in such other classic parts, roles in *Cherubino* in *The Marriage of Figaro* or even *Osmin* in *Don Giovanni*. If, of course, that could say, then, perhaps one day she might.

On the night I saw them, Gino Savarone's conducting team in *Fazio* was most effectively revealing, then Gino Young's for *Pearl Fishers*. On both occasions, though the Queensland Theatre Orchestra seemed more adequate (more than when I last heard it) perhaps the rather occasional sense of groping and performing the odd stage work is necessary as the norm of the problem.

The other major State production of the month was Victoria State Opera's presentation of Offenbach's *Chevalier in the Underworld* in a

production all too devoid of the champagne sparkle that is the custom of vintage Offenbach.

The design and the action tended to be vulgar rather than naughty, the humor claggy and sick rather than charming and satirical. There were a few hot moments but they were separated by unacceptably long stretches of unadorned opera. Individually the performers were acceptable or better, collectively the whole thing ended up as a rather depressing big party.

The cast, led by Suzanne Scott as *Christine*, David Gray as *Capitaine*, Robert Gland as *Paul*, Ronald Dowd as *Bob*, Lynn and Evelyn Krupp as *Public Opinion* was scarcely a weak one, indeed it was uniformly more than talented and professional enough to have succeeded spectacularly. Lynette Richard Dowd's current direction was never less than reliable and usually a good way along the road to sparkling.

Which back inevitably I came to the conclusion that the trouble with the *Chevalier* has to be shared home to Betty Pender's direction and Kenneth Kervella's design. Both are established theatre talents of undoubted quality and one must not make too much of the alteration of the latter. Individuals like performing companies, inevitably have their down as well as their up.

And the Victoria State Opera was most concerned to have the down of the *Chevalier* following the successful run of two years *Phantom* and *Milapacine* and this year's *Adelaide* and the interesting music theatre program is staged in August/September.

ADT's Choreographic Workshop — flair, imagination, style

D

Tony Warwood in Alan Brissenden's *Decision*.

Photo: David S. Greenhouse

The first ballets in the Australian Opera Theatre's workshops were all by members of the company, and endorse Rosalind Taylor's policy of cultivating the talent available there. Frustrated with the technical insurance and so limited productions, they showed a wide range of imagination, movement and style.

Joseph Scapino's *Songs of Innocence* was the most work attractive to look at, not lacking in

serious thought (and danced superbly by the cast of five). Warwood's original theme in composing the ballet is a range of male dances, to parts of Beethoven's "Missa Solenne" — abstract interpretations of the music, with a suggestion of divine human relationship in a couple of pieces, most notably in the pas de deux for John Nixson and Dorey Phillips. The tale is unfolding, as there is no discernible connection with William Blake's work of the same name, unless it lies in the

awareness of the bible.

If Alan Brissenden's given more opportunity he could develop into an important choreographer, for he has imagination enough, a sensitive apprehension of music and a growing sense of formal structure. His made more progress in using these attributes to show he can overcome a certain conservatism of approach. So much is clear from *Decision*, in which a protagonist, dressed with dramatic slenderness by Tony Warwood, climbs down a web-like rope ladder, being more wary, in deft himself behind the fragile rubber strands which hold it to the ground. First strands start to break, destroying his shelter and leaving him dead, hanging limply from his escape route, the ladder. The more serious of Rogers' minor movements 2 and 3 from the *Song Quartet* and Robert Lenz's *Lebensart* are treated on the ballet's effectiveness as well as in the movement for the girl, which degenerates at times into melancholic gestures of mourning.

In *The Room*, Patricia Buckman has developed a promising idea from last year's workshop when she made a solo for Scapino expressing transience and function, but his assistance only partly succeeded in the first. Noble expresses despair at the death of his beloved, in the second ballet as an old man remembers himself as a young one, Warwood. The choreography, individual as an illustration of sadness and loss, sweeping gesture, is interesting enough to stay within the framework of the music, and each solo would be better on a later stage as remembered moments in the music.

The Three Shades is John Carson's vision into the world of the *Symphonies*, especially the *Symphony*, in which a young man finds Death the most demanding of his three ladies by a young Proteus-like a steppe, the ballet is saved if at all by the performers. Claret Scott's deliciously gay *Rhapsodie* as the young man, John Nixson, overcoming a false role of innocence of constant, as Death, John Nixson's knowingly lived as the dead bride, who is left to himself over the body of Alan Brissenden, the silent, bewitched partner. The music, from the film *Pygmalion*, is an unusual agreement with Michael Passer's modern costumes.

The generally modest tone of the programme was reinforced by Blake's own *Happy Accident*, in which a young boy finds himself in a state of John Nixson's presence and just the focus of Tony Warwood, whose has the happy-go-lucky one, and the choreographer himself or Joseph Scapino, whereas a dancing the role of the dead. All good fun, if a little repetitive, and danced in the right spirit, by Lee Katter's flexible group.

Patrick — holes just too big

The three most recent Australian films to be taken seriously have been *The Chorus* of James Blackmore, *Newsworld* and *Aloud* in *Aloud*. No three could be more dissimilar, but they were clearly made with a special consciousness to act as well as a hopeful look at the nation.

Patrick is different. *Patrick* is a frankly commercial film in the psychological range of *Crush*, *Queen of the Damned*, *The Enforcer*, *The Phantom of the Paradise* etc but made with less money and compared to *Crush* with *Crush* and *Phantom* a guaranteed box office.

The comic P. P. McGinness writing in the *National Times* expressed the view that the people of Australia would not be happy to think this their last money — which is what the Australian Film Commission and the various State government film corporations spend — this going to movies like *Patrick*. In other words films which include some public funds in their financial accounts should aim at quality.

In this connection, *Patrick* is a one-off. It is a squanderer on a world that the spirit of it had a special feeling about itself and was not spent on silly like *Crush*, when the head doctor in the private hospital where Patrick lies in a bed, would for several feet back, write to do away with Patrick — who has become an embarrassment — he approaches him with a giant syringe full of some lethal chemical and failing to make contact with Patrick's body substitutes a woman's chest for the syringe and finds away at Patrick's head, to no effect.

When all he had to do was pull a plug, then making off the doctor's that kept Patrick alive, or at least, half alive.

In films of this type there are always great plot holes around which the imagination has to make its way, or all regretted at last. But the plot holes in *Patrick* are just too big. To start at the beginning, there is Patrick lying on his bed, his great grey-blue eyes set in a fringe of dark lashes open, but not showing so much as a flicker of human intelligence, his hands pressed on his chest, hidden under a sheet. The new nurse arrives — Susan Penhaligon, later known to British audiences for television performances. She is no appealing actress but the first point let me say a thing. She believes that she can 'get through' to Patrick, while his response is to spit. It is his only response, to spit, or silence.

Next comes the chief doctor, played at full force by Robert Humpston as keeping Patrick on the artificial life machine in order to observe the benefit of reason, the next moment and instead of the spirit leaving the body. This could happen any time he touches off the current, but he just goes on as usual to



Patrick lies in hospital between life and death — a scene from the Filmways Release of Australian Film Commission's *Patrick* Photo: David Porter

it. Inside the doctor there is another unrelenting force at work, in the period of the machine (this film).

These people are dead together in a hospital, like film was made in Melbourne, this appears to have only one other person in dirty old man, who makes public of some on the floor of the corridor. This made the audience laugh at the not too well attended scenes where I was also there.

Next Penhaligon does not spend all her time in the hospital, though her mind is never far from Patrick. She comes up with a giant syringe (Bruce Barry) and seems prepared to inject him for the husband from whom she is estranged, played abominably by Rod McLennan. But her particular opinion is the syringe is getting a better opinion on Patrick's condition.

In the meantime she has made certain physical experiments with Patrick. Not to put a

too delicately, she finds out by slipping her hand under the headboard, that Patrick's sexual organs are not so played out as the rest of him. He falls at last much but still the body on the headboard while she looked him in hospital in the first place — he stays a hour in the bath where his mother was looking after her boy friend.

Patrick has supernatural powers and can drive away his husband and he would be loved. He manages for the doctor to get an attack of the head, or his own screaming point, in his motion that comes right to the color of fear.

The film was produced by Anthony Lawrence and Richard Franklin and directed by Franklin. It is hard to say in the face of all this whether the cast is performing well or not. They are possibly just doing as they are told. But it can be said that Robert Humpston never again lies in *The Mingo*. That greatly reduces in *The Mingo* rules again.



Dr Wright (Bruce Barry) and Nurse Lucy (Susan Penhaligon) examine Patrick's condition — a scene from the film *Patrick* Photo: David Porter

Lighter listening; operetta, ballet



When *Waver Blue* (Venus Record) is performed as recorded on Broadway, it is accurately described as being by Julius Savaris &, despite the fact that due to an operetta-like Savaris did not write. The music is all by a deceased Jules Savaris but it was put together by another musician, Adolf Mulla &, when the seventy-three-year-old Savaris left his land-owning to marriage among his older relatives to fulfill his operetta commissions. The justification for describing the arrangements of existing Savaris music as an operetta by him is that the composer approved of its being done by Mulla and, presumably, had no violent objections to that as by Victor Loez and Leo Sayer. Savaris himself was dead before the work reached the stage at Vienna on what would have been his seventy-fifth birthday. After a false start it was a success and, unlike most such patched-together works, it has secured a place in the operetta repertory. Mulla did his work with skill, in fact, not merely stitching a string of waltz tunes but putting together some of Savaris's earlier music most of it forgotten at the time, with gradually receding concerns and with the ability to build a tapestry of melodies into sustained scenes and finales. That skill can be imagined on a recording of the work made by Wilf Brinkley and the Philadelphia Harpists; the chorus of the College Opera, a Viennese Schrammensemble ensemble and a cast led by Axelrod Reinberger, Nicolas Gudek and Renate Helm (EMI Electrola, issued by the World Record Club GB 0448184 2-disc). The story is set in 1815 and concerns the Congress of Vienna at the end of the Napoleonic war and the behind-the-scenes scheming associated with that diplomatic event. The set does not include a complete libretto with translation so that non-German speaking listeners will have to be content with relating the operetta-like aspects of the dialogue, with no direct visible working and singing, so the sound of it alone and with following the story from a printed synopsis. The music is, of course, the principal attraction of

the set, and it is very skilfully collected and played and sung with spirit and a sense of fun that make it uncommonly vivid. Some of the singing is not absolutely true in pitch but this occurs mainly in the vocal parts where some exaggeration of pitch and characteristic probably contribute to this effect. The point that is made in stereo/pseudo-stereo compatible sound and a full, robust and unforced way.

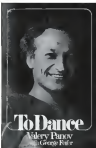
Among a batch of five recordings of ballet music there are three that I can recommend and two that have definite merits in musical quality as in performance. Louis Froment, chief conductor designate of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra conducts the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra in a collection of the two waltzes from Wilhelms *Facade* and, on the other side, Wilhelms's arrangement of waltz by J.S. Bach in the form of a ballet suite entitled *The Blue Viper* (MMP stereo/quad compatible issued by the World Record Club GB 04504 Wilhelms's *Facade* waltz is among the most delicate of all 20th century compositions. It presents a happy balance between the assumptions of parody and the possession of simple musical refinement and attention as in its own right. The performance of it is not outstandingly brilliant or precise, but the scrapes are well judged and the music is presented in a convincing light and an abundant sound. *The Blue Viper* was a ballet score from the start, unlike the original *Facade*, but has never realised the success of the *Adagio* ballet as to the first score from Froment in a concert hall or pop concert. It is a masterly piece of scoring, however, and does not deserve to be the reputation of value built on Wilhelms. I doubt whether Charles Mackerras's arrangement of Sullivan music for John Christie's ballet *Pinocchio* will prove quite as durable as *Facade* but I should expect it to have a currency at least rivalling that of Rostropovich's *Clarinet* ballet score based on Offenbach. It has a useful leaf of introduction in various sizes and languages as to the imagery with which a composer mixes from different Gilbert and Sullivan sources or works into aspects of their claims or buoyancy. Mackerras himself conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at a recording originally issued in 1962 and now cleared off and freshened up with no loss of character. I recommend this strongly to anyone who has not yet heard it, and Mackerras's notes identify as general terms the sources of each section of the ballet so that you need not be misled by the problem of working out which Gilbert and Sullivan work he has drawn on as any given moment. When Mackerras first produced this score in 1931 it was noted the

high order of talent of this young Australian musician to the world in general. Mackerras has since more fully confirmed the promise of *Pinocchio*. I feel though that his choice to do it more in terms of conducting than in conducting to work as an arranger and composer. The only other ballet worth put together by him that I know of was on the music of Verdi. These days he is most likely to be using his skill in orchestral conducting in trying to score at the final solution of a score by Liszt or some other composer whose work is still to gain its full measure of recognition. CBS has brought out one of Leopold Stokowski's last recordings, a version of *Shore's* *Wedding* (the ballet score is traced by Douglas in moments of economy from Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty* Suite in an abridged form, the Tchaikovsky score is one of the pillars of orchestral ballet and the subsequent effects and contrasts of the music are Stokowski's unrivalled feeling for orchestral colour in this performance with the National Philharmonic Orchestra CBS 558 231 900).

I would be less inclined to rush to acquire excerpts from Chopin's *Ballet* *The Red Pigeon* not because there are any serious defects in the performance by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra under Yuri Fayer (Melodisc/WMV CD 50 054) but because so much of the music is heavy, slow-witted to movement and languid in feeling. *The Russian Stakes*, Dance is the best known number in the score and deserves to be by a good margin. There is nothing wrong with the quality of the ballet score, *Les Petits Hommes* which the young Mozart wrote for his son a person that Mozart at Paris in 1778 and the ballet music that Mozart wrote for his opera *Idomeneo* three years later is of a standard nothing has thus magnified. Unfortunately, the combination of these two scores on a record made by the Yutis Chamber Orchestra conducted by Philippe Entremont (CBS 558 231 900) is less particularly serving solely because of the impact of the performances themselves.



The great revealed — for Christmas reading



For Christmas and holiday reading biography has many rewards. It appeals to the interest for people while anything that such people is important. It reassures us about the ordinariness of the great while simultaneously evoking their extraordinariness. For those with ambivalence it allows cautious acquaintance with success, as well as heartening if strained comparisons with their own progress as far as an anecdotal journalistic biography, such as Ruth Jordan's *Marlene: A life of Chopin* (Corgi) r.r.p. \$10.00 is doubly satisfying in that it does not require serious appreciation of the subject's genius. This is in accordance with Kathryn Averb's claim for biography reading (another important consideration for Christmas) the very best should be treated carefully. At such times you do not want to be reminded of your inferiority to the one next door, in stock Market. On the same principle, for example, you should avoid Mozart: restricting your biography-reading to someone who is really a towering genius.

And Chopin is an ideal subject. Unquestionably great yet unduly misjudged in other ways. Romantic, conservative, admired and worshipped yet scorned above public performances. A towering success story with a suitably pathetic denouement at the end. Mr Jordan's biography claims to reveal the image of him as an achieved "style of the piano" yet manages to reduce the musical genius to being about his life. Perhaps he really was like that — from Marc Wodanis to George Sand to Jane Stirling is an odd progression. The new "piano reality" Chopin depends largely on Jordan's acceptance

of the authenticity of the controversial letters to Constant. Delicious. Perhaps like revelations here parts of them and their explicit and unexplicit stated actuality is startling, even in the context of this sympathetic biography.

For open lovers not mad keen on reading Hitchens has two volumes in the Metropolitan Opera Guild Composers Series, *Verdi and Puccini* r.r.p. \$9.95 each. Again the texts by Paul Fosse and William Weaver respectively are not critical considerations of the work, although the composers and their audiences are allowed to make some sort of statement (Verdi getting thirty eight curtain calls, the others less so) in no more, and the books are very handsome, nicely illustrated, and with complete descriptions of the operas as appendices. The texts are factual and unobtrusive, and the publishers have thoughtfully summarised them in the picture captions for the same reason. Perfect presents.

Valery and Geline Fokine are famous in the West among people who have no interest in ballet. Their attempt to leave the Soviet Union the two years physical and mental persecution they suffered there and the massive public campaigns in the West which saved their lives and finally forced the Russian authorities to allow them to leave are told from a personal point of view in the last part of *To Dance*, by Valery in collaboration with George Fokine (W.H. Allen). This is probably the most important book to this reviewer. Fosse tells about his life as if he were a scientist: built for him as a children's story. He tells of his confused and rebellious childhood, his passion for dancing, apparently not shared by many established dancers when he was young, his run to become one of the greatest of his generation of new, athletic, male dancers, his marriage meeting with Geline when he realised the was The One after a long search, and finally the long time of travel with a happy ending at Tel Aviv airport, "I felt so happy I had to dance."

The book shows its origins, told in a series of long conversations between Fokine and Fosse, and it has some of the faint feeling of self-indulgence which attend such autobiography, but Fokine is sincere, unpretentious and really does have a fascinating story to tell. It is not only a book for ballet lovers. If you get it as a gift don't start reading it or you'll end up keeping it.

To continue this list of the great revealed is *The Theatre of George Devine*, by Irving Wadell (Longman) Corgi r.r.p. \$10.00. This is a readers account of the work of a man little appreciated outside England. His work with a succession of different groups of people — GUILD, Midway, the London Theatre Studio, the OM Vic Centre — led to the founding of the

English Stage Company. The influence of the RSC in the Royal Court in the last twenty years is well known, but Devine himself was to some ways in the background. As Wadell says "While other people in the Court were making their reputations, he was mending the shop."

Charles Schwab's biography *Colin Foyler* is now published in its British edition (W.H. Allen, r.r.p. \$10.00) and is an obvious present for those interested in those keen on her successful biography of Gershwin.

Finally, for children, are two books which might meet for a developing interest in the theatre. *The Facts About a Theatre Company* follows the Prospect Company in Britain through auditions, rehearsals, technical production, performance and touring for a year. Amazing readers will not take this as the only way to run a theatre company, it should be valuable, entertaining and interesting. *Model Theatres and how to make them* by Alan J. Alpert (Hutchinson) r.r.p. \$7.95 introduces a book which I shouldn't have thought was very popular among Australian children. There is an appeal, no doubt, in making models of any kind, but this book is not likely to create much interest in the hard and positive kind of theatre it describes, in spite of the author's promise that his readers have the chance to become public stars of the theatre as portrayed by Edward Gynther-Craig.



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GUIDE

A.C.T.

FORTUNE THEATRE COMPANY Teaming A.C.T. schools

HIBISCUS THEATRE RESTAURANT (02 9014)

Acts in 8/9
Fridays and Saturdays (commencing)

RED HOUSE (02 878)

Children's Theatre
The Green at Sea by Imogen Stappan
1-3 Dec

THEATRE 2142-4212

Confirms Repertory
Cocktail Music and Lyrics by Steven Schwartz
Director: Michael Lamberty Musical Director:
Andrew Kay
1-3 Dec: Wednesdays to Saturdays

THEATRE RESTAURANT (02 1411)

Headline Capers
Fridays and Saturdays (commencing)
For further contact Margaret Wells on 49-1192

NEW SOUTH WALES

ACTORS COMPANY (02 2184)

Colours by Macmillan, Kander and Ebb with
Anna Parris director Sam Agnew
Throughout Dec

ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW SOUTH WALES (02 94411)

The Reminders — Musical family group
Walter Hill

AUSTRALIAN BALLET (0668)

Open Theatre
Spectacular production — Linda Sargeant's
production given for the first time to a Western
company and arranged with international
Ballets. Music by Khachaturian
1 Dec: 21 Dec

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE (0668)

Saturday Morning Workshops — National
Institute of Dramatic Art (from 10 am to 1 pm
Ages from 12 to 16 Dec)

AUSTRALIAN OPERA (02 2308)

Woman of the Strand by Kenneth Sells
1, 2 Dec Opening again 16 Dec

ENSEMBLE THEATRE (02 9377)

Flash and Flood by William Hanley, director,
Robert Longley with Ben Graham, Judy Farrow,
Dino Madi, Joanne Dawson, Maggie Platt, John
Hagman Throughout December

FRANK STRAUS BALL 79 BUSH THEATRE RESTAURANT (02 625)

Knock of Yonderby with Noel Granger, Keith
Boswell, John Palfreman, Noel Bryant and Alan
Norman, director, Frank Straus, choreographer,
George Cadden, choreographer

GENEROUS THEATRE (02 3215)

A Woman of no Importance by Oscar Wilde,
with Tony Hayes, Madeline Maxwell and
Margaret Morrison, director, Margaret Rance
16-19 Dec

Two Christmas plays by Henry Green

The Jewels of the Three Kings

Peace at Break of Day

Throughout December

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (02 441)

Orchestra director Sir Robert Helpmann,
starring John Waters To 15 Dec

KIRKILLI PLAZA THEATRE (02 441)

Kirkill Plaza Wilson Farm
The Over the Rainbow Show by Rick Mast and
Malcolm Franklin, director, Malcolm Franklin,
with Paul Chubb, Laura Gilmartin, Richman
Young, Susan Aspinch, Severin Sachs
Throughout December

LES CURRIE PRESENTATIONS (02 5675)

Abbie Hoffman 10th night, will tour infant,
primary and secondary schools in the Central
West and Riverina districts To 16 Dec

MARIAN STREET (02 3166)

A Lad in the Camp an adult pantomime
Director: Alison Duncan, with Bruce Collins,
David Nicholson, John Pascoe and Raymond
de la Paro To 13 Dec

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT (069 3222)

Created by Davey written and directed by
Michael Roddy Throughout December

MUSIC HALL THEATRE (02 441)

Excess a musical revue starring the Rappene-
family and Les Young Throughout December

NEW THEATRE (02 5405)

Knock Knock by John Farrow director Fred
Sams, with Betty Miller Throughout
December

NIMROD THEATRE (02 5809)

Jumpers by Tim Sargeant with John Gaden,
Gordon James, George Whelan, Barry
Lorent, Robert Tyn and Mary Hart, director,
Lyn Hulse Throughout December
Throughout

Good With Meek by David Allen with Kerry
Wicks, Henry Saps and David Purph
director Richard Wharton Throughout
December

OLD TOTE (043-412)

Drums Theatre
The Lady from Moscow — a Crimean Front
fiasco, director Ted Crow To 14 Dec

Q THEATRE PLAZA (02 21 5125)

The Gambler — An melodrama Soap
adaptation by William H Smith, Director, Ben
Hickox, Showing at Balmain Town Hall
throughout December

ROCKSPLAYERS (02 1761)

They Are Dying Out by Peter Handke, director,
Tony Bentley Throughout December

SEYMOUR CENTRE (02 4223)

The Philosopher by Sylvia Presented by
Touring Theatre Company To 9 Dec
Evening Theatre

Moment's Notice House Show, Tourman
Puppet Theatre, written and directed by Nigel
Triff To 13 Dec

Shakespeare

A Night in Sweden by Alexandra Hayes, An
international multi-media music production by
New South Wales Theatre of the Deaf, Director,
Adrian Selzer, designer Yvonne Toak lighting,
Barrington To 16 Dec
Evening

An evening of improvisation and short plays by
Tuesday Company 26, 27, 28, 29 Dec

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE (0668)

Elisabeth Hall

The Art of Pierre Sorey Exhibition and sale by
international Dutch artist with works from his
travels in central Asia and Siberia To 7 Dec
From 16 Dec an exhibition of children's
historical antique books and toys

THEATRE ROYAL (02 6110)

The Moscow Place — one of Canada's most
significant works, starring Les Ulman
To 16 Dec

For further contact Gladys Baker on 257 1296

QUEENSLAND

ARTS THEATRE (06 2344)

Almanac & Star Trek by Ron Clark and Sam
Belmont Director, Kevin Kailashan To 23
Dec

The Hammer dream and directed by Gordon
Shaw Saturday at 2.00 pm to 16 December

HER MAJESTY'S (02 2175)

Cover Musical by Royce Ryan, director,
Peter Williams, with Jane Baker and John
Humbler To 16 December

QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY (02 5177)

Sketch by Anthony Shaffer, director, Trevor
Clarke with Bruce Burn and Robert Alexander
In association with Qld Arts Council — 6-23
December
Circumnavigator dream and directed by Geoffrey
Koch 8-16 December at 10.30 am plus 11, 12, 13,
14-15 Dec at 2.00 pm

LA BOUTE (06 1622)

Mr Henry's Christmas Agent by John
O'Hall, director, Jennifer Shekinger To 16
December

TWELFTH NIGHT THEATRE (02 588)

Knock Me & You Can by Robert Thomas,
director, Richard Hughes, with Ra Taylor
To 9 December

For further contact Don Balch on 269 8044

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

PANORAMA THEATRE ARTS (075 8511)

The Hated Floor Mat by Hugh Leonard
director Robert Hunter At Theatre 62, 8 pm
12-15 Dec 21 Dec

Q THEATRE (023-6631)

Cell 44, Adelaide producer, Bill Morrison,
musical director, Barry 1988 To 2 Dec

SHERIDAN THEATRE (043 0111)

Adelaide Theatre Group For London Mat
Show, directed by Malibu Theatre Company,
director John Noble Wed Sat 8 pm 13-14-26
23 Dec

THE SPACE (04 6110)

ACT Hatched Season
Tango, Zerkowich by David Allen with David
Young, director, David Young 8.30 pm to 2
Dec
Rags Company The Fellows by Linda
Armstrong director, John Noble 8.30 pm 8-15
15-23 Dec

STATE THEATRE COMPANY (08 5150)

Summer of the Swimmers Deal by Ray Lawler,
director, Ron Blair To 16 Dec

For further contact Chris Johns on 332 8640

Q & Q

Shaw opened at the end of October to a capacity audience. My carterhouse on the stage and orchestra, cluttered with its own combined by the overwhelming audience reaction. Writing by Malcolm Lindsay and Rick Mann with music by Sandra Rudgevill, the orchestra is taken through a turbulent journey through all 64 of the seasons. Full credit go to an extremely talented one backed by Laura Caldwell in Western Sydney and Paul I both step and supported by Nelson Sacka, Simon Aquino and (possibly) myself.

The venue enables us to supply a tiny meal and few show opportunities from 7 pm to midnight. The bar is open during the time as well. We are trying to put the "C" back in entertainment.

PUTTING TOGETHER A ONE PERSON SHOW

BEVERLEY DOWNS, Melbourne actress

In a comedian show a very special, vibrant, funny and mostly personal relationship is set up with an audience. Once the trust is established they will go anywhere with you and maybe it takes of things from your all causing responsibility. One's whole energy and commitment is involved.

Playing a one person show requires an intense response to audience an answer. It must be easy to go from the next person show to a show that is in which one has making direct yet continuous contact with the audience in a variety of roles through the use of music.

At the Big Day is a one woman show, which I devised, researched and presented for the Festival of Perth last February and have since presented for the Victorian Arts Council and at the Theatre Royal in Hobart. After Double Bill show for the BBC I'll be touring at it throughout the end of October. The Northern Territory in Brisbane and Western Australia in April.

Saved for me by Don McKay it is an extraordinary showing aspects of life people and relationships through the writings of Australian poets, writers, journalists and journal keepers from our beginnings continue.

In choosing material I have two criteria: does it entertain? do I laugh/laugh/laugh/laugh/laugh as a result of this comedy/laugh/laugh/laugh/laugh? Does it have something to say about us as we are?

Christmas
Greetings

Theatre Australia



Next Month

Hoops!
David Williamson

Reviews: Opera, Theatre, Ballet,
Film, and lots more.

Australia

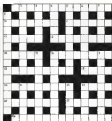
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THE SPIA'S PRIZE CROSSWORD No 6

Name

Address

Across

- 1 Actor shapes one last century's (5, 3)
- 2 Handy Christmas books for children? (3)
- 3 C has hundred like composer's product (7)
- 4 Seals are so specially named (6)
- 5 An enemy to three, a couple for reborners we hear (3, 3, 3)
- 6 Ropes the engineers, though (3)
- 7 The organic gives a bloom plus in a good word (4)
- 8 Raining is peculiarly common (4)
- 9 Birds were small musical ensemble in NOW (3)
- 10 Pop period really and put next, back on the lead (4)
- 11 Deal to exchange, Eastern last (7)
- 12 In, make make, queen on board (7)
- 13 Literally (Down) a modern tradition (4)
- 14 What is mass collect no when (3, 3)

Down

- 1 Motorcycle instead of a bike cycling? (4)
- 2 Lovers on point come down (5)
- 3 To achieve an idea, just one in the end (3)
- 4 Underneath map, two to the red and red varieties (4)
- 5 Former guardian surrounded me in a path and I taken advance out of (4)
- 6 Bureaucracy, isolated, common a disorder (5)
- 7 New opera's a masterpiece in that piece (3, 4)
- 8 Drink, Miller's bottle in (4), 3, 2, 3)
- 9 French name, one to two having three some (4)
- 10 Part of a game to Japan a relative (4)
- 11 Lovers, giving incomplete, unless? There's a bit in the wall (4)
- 12 Invention to be played only? (5)
- 13 None from a expressed with a point because extract (4)
- 14 Italian poet was asked backwards, then (4)



If the last correct entry
shown on December 31st
will receive one year's
free subscription to T&A

Last month's answers